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A REFLECTION.

When, in the stillness of a summer night,
We watch the brightness which the planets shed,
We feel that oftentimes the glancing light
Comes of a star that is for ages dead.

So we—most like the stars—when living seem
But darkness and a mortal thirst to be;
Then for all time our deeds of glory gleam,
In the vast heaven of our eternity.

LINCOLN LEAR EYRE.

ELAMA, THE TWIN SOUL.

BY C. LEON GUMPERT.

"The artful shadow of some unseen power
Floats, though unseen, among us."—Shelley.

[This story was commenced in No. 42, Vol. 56. Back Numbers can always be obtained.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ONE OF THE FURIES.

They all, actuated by one impulse, followed the alarmed Eustace out into the entry and into the parlor where they saw to their utter wonderment and terror, the figure of a woman stretched upon the floor.

Mrs. Burdette gave an agonizing scream when she saw the prone body, and the doctor and Sipes stood for a moment at the door transfixed with the horrid terror of the situation. Then Sipes exclaimed, "By jiminy, she's fainted! Water, quick!"

"No," said the Doctor, "Let no one stir but me. I see it all, Eustace—for God's sake tell me, this is surely not Gertrude—Miss Southgate?"

"No—" answered Eustace in a voice like a moan—"Miss Southgate fled affrighted up stairs. This—this is—"

"It is Mrs. Tendrie!" said the Doctor as he approached nearer, followed by the others. "Good God, she has fainted indeed! How the deuce, Eustace, came this?"

He knelt upon the floor and caught one of the woman's hands in his and at the same time Mrs. Burdette was, in one swift moment of time, in and out of the room and down upon her knees bathing her guest's forehead with water.

Mrs. Tendrie had fallen close by the door leading to the veranda and she lay her extended in a profound stupor, both of her hands tightly clenched, and one of them grasping a paper.

"Look, Doc!" cried Sipes, stooping down to where St. Jean was kneeling, busy at work trying to soon the hand and rub the palm into life. "Look, Doc! It's the letter or I'm a tramp!" He forced the paper from the clenched hand, and displayed it triumphantly before the Doctor, who saw at a glance that it was indeed the veritable letter they had lost, and which they suspected this very woman of having appropriated.

Sipes immediately put it in his inner pocket, while Mrs. Burdette, crying as if her heart would break, all the time she was nervously bathing Mrs. Tendrie's head—looked up at the newspaper man with a sort of horror at his pillage, and could not understand why he seemed so exuberant and jovial over his prize.

"Here, Eustace, Sipes—give me a lift," exclaimed St. Jean. "Let us set her on to the lounge there. She does not seem to be responding very fast. How did it happen, my boy, that she fell there?"

Eustace replied in the same low tone, and in the same hysterical, breathless way. "I will tell you in a moment. Is she seriously ill?"

"She has fainted—probably she struck her head and injured her brain."

"Do not say that!" asked Mrs. Burdette, kissing the patient's forehead.

It was the work of an instant for Sipes and the Doctor, Eustace looking as sad, but looking on dreamily, to lift the half insensate body to the lounge close at hand, where Mrs. Burdette took her place as nurse and consoler, and watched with an anguished face for Mrs. Tendrie to return to consciousness.

"Mrs. Burdette," said the Doctor—"stay here, please, a moment in my stead, I must speak to Mr. Marvin."

He came and left the patient in charge of the good hostess and Eustace, Sipes and her, retired to the reception room to discuss the situation.

"How in the world did it happen?" he asked.

"Well," answered Eustace sinking into a chair, for he was thoroughly overcome with the varied annoying incidents of the night, and was alarmed less Gertrude should suffer from this new fright.

"I'll tell you as quickly as I can, but I must ask Mr. Burdette to go and see after Miss Southgate. We had been sitting near the place talking upon various subjects, and at length we chanced upon the topic so dear to me—the mystery of Elama—the strangeness of Egea—the mute—the traces. I had long recognized the handwriting of the twin soul—my twin soul—and it was then that she, with her own lips spoke the sweet words of recognition of me as her companion in Egea—"

"Yes, yes," said the Doctor, hurriedly, excitedly, "You can tell us all that another time. Come to the point. Tell us how this woman happened to break in upon you."

"I will. You see it was in the very deathbed spot, so to speak of our conversation, that we were interrupted by a cry, a most agonizing cry from the garden. Miss Southgate gave pale and started to rise to the door, I checked her. I told her to remain calm and that I would see what the matter was. She appeared so nervous, so troublesome, so overcome that I did not care to leave her, but sat still, looking out of the window into the blackness of the garden. Then after an interval we resumed the conversation and she was beginning to tell me in the most frank and winning way, the history of her life—her childhood—the story of her relations—of her sister Stella, who came to American years ago, of her mother—of her father, of her ignorance of the situation of her affairs and of her mother's estate, and all the details which one confiding heart offers to a heart equally confiding, when we suddenly heard the cry again—nearer—louder and more terrible. I had scarcely concluded some expression of alarm, when into Mrs. Tendrie, looking more like a furious Bacchante than a modern lady—her eyes glaring and her face distorted by passion, burst into the room and holding out in her outstretched hand the white fluttering page of a letter—turned upon Miss Southgate with a sort of hiss and cried:

"This is your doing, girl!" Mind, I shall be revenged."

Poor, dear Gertrude was petrified. I rose to my feet and advancing towards the woman, said as firmly as I could, for I too was completely shaken by the scene, "What do you mean, what do you mean?"

"Mean?" she echoed with a laugh—shaking the letter at me. "Mean—I mean that both you and she—you, Mr. Marvin, and she, Miss Southgate, are in a conspiracy against me. You have intercepted my letters, broke their seals—studied my plans, erased me. Erased me!"

"I should say you were erased indeed, madam," I exclaimed. "You are mad, indeed."

"Not half as mad as you are; but you shall both suffer, because you—and you," she said, turning to poor Gertrude, who was white and trembling and crouching with fear, and making a faint moan of terror—"you," she cried, advancing in a threating manner to her—"shall suffer doubly for your double devilitry!"

"Stop," I said, utterly maddened myself, and caring not what I did in my blind rage, for I had escaped beyond recovery at the insolence and defiance of the woman. "Stop! or I'll make you; leave us at once."

"What do you think she did?" continued Eustace, speaking quickly, under the spur of his intense excitement. "Deliberately turned upon Gertrude and smote her upon the cheek with the palm of her hand, whereupon I seized the maid of mom by the shoulders and forced her back."

"We shall see, ere long, if Miss Southgate and Mr. Marvin, Dr. St. Jean and the rest of the conspirators are to live or die—die horribly, ha, ha! she added.

Gertrude, with a piercing groan, ran out of the room and upstairs. I gave the woman another push, and she went staggering back and fell—fell as we found her; she fainted."

"You did not strike her?" said the Doctor.

"No. I merely to keep her back, touched her very gently. She was furious, she came at me like a wounded tigress. No, no, the push I gave her would not have staggered a babe. She swooned through sheer excitement—sheer delirium. If I had struck her I could not have been blamed, for she was demoniac. I never saw her so. The woman is mad."

"You are right," said the Doctor. "Mad, incurably mad, and she will do you and Miss Southgate, and all of us damage and harm before long, if we do not get rid of her at once. Then that letter! Didn't I tell you how it would be. It was the letter that inflamed her. Depend upon it, she has all the cunning of insanity and will do all in her power to wreak a terrible revenge. I fear mostly for Gertrude, Gertrude had better leave here as quickly as she can."

"I do not see what harm Mrs. Tendrie can do her," said Eustace.

"She will do all the harm possible," answered St. Jean, "the cloud is growing darker and more dangerous; it will shed its lightning ere long, and then look out for thunderbolts! Don't you think so, Mr. Sipes?"

Sipes, who all this while was really bewildered, even for a reporter, at the sensational situation of affairs, made reply:

"Yes, I must confess, Doc, things look bad. Wish't it all about? This is the woman who wrote the letter about which we are so concerned. She's a regular vixen, and capable of anything evil. I wonder our good lady here has been her to stay."

"Allow her," said the Doctor. "How can she help it. This Tendrie woman has wheedled and flattered Mrs. Burdette so that now she can get her to her own advantage. But by the furies we do experience queer circumstances of late. This evening has been eventful, I must say, and if we had not been interrupted in our mesmeric seance by the elements, we might have developed the whole secret of this riddle which bothers us. I have no care, no desire to see after that woman. Mrs. Burdette will no doubt think me very cruel and hard hearted not to attend to her, but I shall not. In fact Mrs. Burdette in my opinion will lose caste if she doesn't get rid of this pest before in our mesmeric seance by the elements, we

"I'll revenge that," said Eustace, "depend upon it. Why she should choose Gertrude as a victim I can't imagine. What has she done to her, Mr. Tendrie ever her; Miss Southgate has always acted the lady."

"No, no," broke in Sipes. You are wrong, Mrs. Tendrie, or whatever her name is, has a deep object in view; and if she's mad there's a method in her madness. She attacks this young lady for a purpose which we know not, but which we will try to find out. She may be jealous of the young lady."

"That's true," said the Doctor.

"Who is this Miss Southgate," queried the reporter.

"An English girl," answered St. Jean, "as I understand, an orphan and an heiress. Mrs. Burdette is my informer, and she probably knows as much about her as she does about Mrs. Tendrie. She never stops to inquire about people if they only please her and suit her fancy."

"I can't understand why she wanted to attack the girl, when I came to think over it," said Sipes.

"Out of malice and madness," ejaculated Eustace.

"Out of vengeance!" said the Doctor.

"She may cause trouble, yet; that is a fact," said the Doctor.

"I fear her not," said Eustace.

"I do," responded St. Jean.

"That garden party will be a mere chimera now, I suppose, and dissolve in cloud."

"Why so," demanded the Doctor.

"Because she will not give it now, I suppose," answered Marvin. She will escape from here and disappear."

"Not she," said Sipes.

"No, no, my boy. You do not read her rightly. She will give that festival, depend upon it, and shine in it, too, and it will be without doubt a grand affair. But we have our little private matter to attend to, and as I said one suspicious evening there will be a scene, I tell you. It is then and there only that we hope to make the acquaintance of her friends—friends that we cannot touch now."

"What are your plans, Doctor?" asked Eustace.

"Simply to watch the guests, and see what trick this woman is about to play. That will endeavor to injure you and Miss Southgate is an assured fact. She will do all she can to destroy you."

"I feel very trying to dissuade me from attending," said Eustace.

"Of course he is," answered Sipes, "don't you see his trick? There'll be more chicken salad if you don't appear, and also more wine."

"More wine, undoubtedly, if you don't favor us, Sipes," said the doctor with a laugh.

"I'll stay away then for a very good reason—because I have no dress coat, no diamond studs, no bouquet for my button-hole, and above all, no invitation."

"That's the least important, Sipes. I'll get you that. You must be on hand. You are one of the omnipresent—all-seeing eye of the ever-wakeful press—and you must come."

"So I will!" said Sipes, "en masque, and if, as you say, I'm an eye, I'll appear as an egotist, see the joke?—I, the eye. Capital pun, isn't it? Fine for the head of the 'Spice Box' paragraph column. But I'll be on hand, depend upon it, Doc. I used to belong to a military company, and I'll wear my uniform—the handsome brass buttons, white pants, sword by my side, and note book under my arm; won't I make a stir among the fair sex, oh?

"Doctor, all this time we've been talking and wasting time, and never once thought of Gertrude, who may even now be in a swoon up stairs. Won't you go up and see her. She is your patient, you know?"

"Of course, of course. I'll go and see her. Mrs. Burdette and she will go with me. You and Sipes look after that Tendrie woman—and, by the bye, Sipes, you'll find a grey mouse-trap in the entry. Just capture it and bring it to me, I'll guess."

Rest not say anything to Mrs. Burdette about the scene," said Eustace. "Let us have the garden party off our hands, and then we will have Mrs. Tendrie off too, and good riddance to her. I'm getting afraid of her, Doctor, one word. I haven't told you, and I didn't want to tell you before, on account of exciting, probably, an unjust suspicion against an innocent person; but since you have told me what you have, and since the scene of this night, I think I ought now to tell you, that when you mesmerized me the other evening, the figure of the woman in my dream, who so horrified me, by her appearance, was none other than Mrs. Tendrie, I identified her at once, and, to night brings the scene of the dream back to me again. As she stood there staring at me—arms outstretched—hand clenched—eyes wide-open—and face distorted! It was Mrs. Tendrie."

"You hardly surprise me," said the Doctor. "I might have guessed as much. But now recollect your mesmeric trance of that night—what other figures did you see? Mr. Sipes, pay attention, please make a note of this revelation. Describe the other figures besides Mrs. Tendrie and her evil mate, that Templeton. The man, I mean. I believe they were men."

Eustace struck his forehead with his hand, as if to summon an unwilling memory by the spur of a blow—then he closed his eyes, and repeated literally the words he had used in describing the phantasms he saw, to the Doctor in that eventful trance:

"A small man, with a black beard, black eyes. There is a ring on his finger—a red carnelian. There came two other men and follow him out. They have gone. One was a very stout man, with a red face and a grey moustache. The other was a dark complexioned man—so dark that he appears to be a half-breed or a negro."

The reporter was making short-hand notes of this description, as Eustace repeated it, and when it was finished, the Doctor said:

"Good! That is it exactly. We shall now get at the root of evil and pluck it up. Come, we will go back to our patient, or our patient patient!"

When they entered the parlor, Mrs. Tendrie and Mrs. Burdette had vanished.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AFTERWARDS.

The complete absence or humanity from the room did not in the least astonish Dr. St. Jean or the rest of the company.

St. Jean thought to himself, "well, if Gertrude has recovered, without doubt, and is in the good hands of Mrs. Burdette. I will seek Mrs. Burdette and get her to help me in dealing with Miss Southgate."

Dr. Templeton and Sipes, who was the foremost to enter the apartment and who was somewhat taken aback to see it deserted. "Why, where's the patient?"

"In the reception room. There is a luxurious lounge in there."

"Let me go here," said Sipes.

"And I," added Eustace, half asleep as he spoke. "will be very happy to tumble into the darkness from the depths of this cozy rocking chair."

"What! I cannot think of allowing such a thing," said the good-natured of the house. "What an idea. The servants must put the rooms in order. There are three spare rooms in the top of the house."

"In that case," said St. Jean, "why trouble the servants? We can find our way up and manoeuvre ourselves in no time, and we need nothing more than a lamp and a couple of matches."

"Dear me, but I don't know where the lamps are—you see the servants attend to everything here, and I really don't know where to put my hand to find a lamp. Let me see."

"I have a bot of Bates matches, was affairs, and we can turn them on our way up stairs."

The Doctor made a move to leave the room. "Good night," he ejaculated.

"Oh you really are too bad, said Mrs. Burdette, if you insist on going up in the dark how can you find the room."

"Easily," said the Doctor. "They are all on the top story of the house you said."

"Yes, the fourth story. There is a hat stand in the landing and you will know the landing by that. The rooms are easily found."

"I will remain here, Doc" said Sipes.

"Why so?"

"To catch the early train."

"Well, we'll go down with you at 6 as far as the station. Take you down in the gig."

"Oh I'd just as leave remain here. I don't feel like venturing up."

"Come, Eustace," said the Doctor, "you will ascend with me."

"Yes," answered Eustace drowsily. "I am ready."

"Sipes you'll repent and join us in a little while."

"I think not, Doc, good night. Here, don't forget the matches." He handed the box to the Doctor.

"Oh, I do not see why you cannot go up to a comfortable bed, Mr. Sipes."

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Burdette, but I would really rather remain here for many reasons."

"Well, good night all," said the Doctor, "Mrs. Burdette we are all very grateful, very."

"You are very welcome, I assure. Remember you are to have coffee at five if you wish it, King for anything you want."

Then with a courtesy she left the room.

St. Jean went over to Sipes and said: "You had better let me have that letter, Sipes."

"Not much, Doc, I'll keep it safe, you bet."

"Well, see that you do for gracious sake. Let us have no more trouble about it. Where is it?"

"Here." The reporter pulled the missive from the inner depths of his coat pocket.

"Well and good," returned the Doctor. "Now restore it to your pocket and keep watch and guard over it. Good night."

Eustace walked slowly and wearily after St. Jean, the two left the room, and Sipes was sole occupant of the lower story.

The reporter's first object was to see that the doors and windows were securely fastened and this being attended to, not all the windows closed except one, which was left open for the sake of air, for the night was oppressively warm in spite of the rain above, Hawksworth Sipes pulled off his boots, put out the gas and returned to his comfortable lounge, where he soon fell into a doze.

Then he awoke and the one thought uppermost in his mind was how to get to the city. He would not miss the early train even if he kept awake all night. That thought was terribly annoying to him, and for a long time, then the scene he had passed through and then the growing horror of being in the same house under the same roof with that woman, made him really timorous. He drew from his pocket a small nickel plated revolver and placed it under the cushion of the lounge. "That is for intruders," he said as he closed his eyes again and fell into a deep slumber.

He was awakened from a troubled dream by a noise. Sipes thought it sounded like somebody walking upon the veranda. He got up and walked to the door and looked out, but could see nobody.

Then he came in, closed the door, bolted it, went back to his couch and again sank to sleep.

He dreamed of the complications he had gone through, and his weary brain was in a perpetual maddening whirl endeavoring to untwist them. Then grand specters crossed his vision and monstrous specimens of humanity with grotesque faces, from the descriptions written in his note book, affrighted him. He was really half-crazed in his endeavor to find out who the villians of this tragedy were, and his thoughts tinctured his dreams very unpleasantly. He awoke several times during the night, and his slumber was very restless.

As for Eustace, he slept soundly, and dreamlessly for a wonder, but not so the Doctor. St. Jean, after a futile effort to get asleep, arose and lighted the gas in the kitchen and began making memoranda in his note book. When the grey dawn just illumed up the room with its pale twilight, the Doctor fell asleep at his work and his head sank upon his arms on the table and completely exhausted, he at length secured a transient slumber. At six o'clock a bell summoned them to breakfast, and upon descending a great was the Doctor's alarm to learn that Sipes had vanished and that no traces of him were to be found. The door leading out upon the veranda was wide open and where the reporter had gone or had been spirited away, was a profound mystery to everybody.

CHAPTER XXX.

A TRAGIC THREAT.

Two days passed. The secret of Sipes' disappearance was explained by that irrepressible reporter himself to the Doctor, on the morning of the second day, when St. Jean received a visit from Sipes, and was entertained with an account of his adventure.

Eustace and St. Jean were sitting on the veranda, when Sipes came up the road looking as jaunty as ever, and with a nod as he entered the garden gate, pointed to his right eye, and exclaimed:

"Doc do you see anything green there?"

"No," laughed the Doctor, "why where in the name of the furies have you been?"

"In Tophet!"

"Explain."

"Why, I say, do you see anything green in my eye?"

"Why of course not, Sipes. There's nothing green about you!"

"Or Blue?"

"No."

"Or black and blue? Look sharp!"

"I certainly do not," answered the Doctor, peering into the reporter's face with a smile.

"That's queer. I had it painted last the other night I had a tussle, and received a game eye. That's all."

"How?"

"Well you see the other night up at Burdette's I was very restless. I couldn't sleep a wink for a long time, and when I did get asleep I dreamed terrific dreams. Once or twice I fancied I heard noises in the garden. So I took out my pistol and put it under my pillow in case of emergency. Then I fell asleep again. Then I woke to find the delicious summer dawn was revealing the garden in all its glory, and I got up, opened the veranda door, and walked down the gravel path. I was half asleep, and scarcely was responsible for my actions, but that haunting memory of my desire to catch the early train spurred me on down the road, and past the lake, and out into the highway. Then as I was going through the little copse beyond, I saw two white looking things. I paid no attention to them, but walked on fast as I was able down the narrow pathway through the bushes, and nearly nearing the road, when one of those fellows set off at a run after me, and to my astonishment, called out, 'Say, you're a reporter on the "Gazette" aint you?' 'No.' I answered. 'You're a liar!' dashed this man. 'You're the man whose been libelling folks, and taking away characters from ladies.' So without any more words he pitched into me. We had a pretty rough fight. He gave me a severe and ugly eye, and I believe I damaged his nose. If I had only had my pistol, but as luck would have it I had left it up at the house. Well I tripped the scoundrel up, and then ran as fast as I could to the open road, and down the road like steam, till I came in sight of the station. My eyepained me fearfully."

"Why, what an adventure, Sipes! You alarm me. Can it be possible those miscreants waylaid you purposely?"

"Yes."

"Did you recognize them?"

"No."

"They might have been the very fellows who maltreated poor Jacob Windthirm."

"Probably," answered the reporter. "My idea is that they were printers who used to work at the 'Gazette' office, and who had been discharged for getting drunk and making pi of their galleys. So they went into the tramp business and waylaid me to keep their hand in."

"But really this is mysterious, Mr. Sipes," said the Doctor. "Take a chair and a cigar and tell me about this topic. You are not in a hurry, are you?"

"Not particularly. I can spare you a little time." So answered the reporter coming upon the veranda and taking the proffered chair and cigar from the Doctor. The Doctor, who had finished his cigar, threw away the stub, and handing one to Sipes took another to keep him slowly company.

"Why did you not wait for breakfast that morning?" asked Eustace.

"Oh, I don't know. Mr. Marvin. You see I had a terrible anxiety to reach home early."

"Did your being detained in any way effect you?"

"Not in the least."

"Well, if you had had our company down, you wouldn't have been waylaid!" said Eustace.

"No doubt about that," returned Sipes.

"Well is there anything new about our matter?" demanded the Doctor.

"No, Doc."

"Did you post the letter?"

"I did. The very morning I came down."

"You have heard nothing further."

"No, but I'm on the track. I believe I see my way clear to point to some circumstantial evidence respecting Windthirm's death. A man his death, not the assault, which is another matter entirely, for his death was neither directly or indirectly the result of his attack."

"You think so?"

"I do. Look here, Doc, that man was 'poisoned, and I know it."

"Do the fiends how do you know it?"

"That's what I'm fishing for now. I want to connect certain links, you know."

"Why his medicine was poisoned by parties whom care to see him, that's how. The thing's easy enough."

"Pshaw! why the old man was utterly protected by his nervous shock."

"So he was, but he would have recovered. Now I know a fact or two, and as you are a man of science and a physician, you can clear my mind upon certain facts. Jacob Windthirm was reported on the hospital books as having been brought there suffering from fracture of leg. There was no other serious trouble, the Doctor said, except nervous prostration, and no internal trouble. The man slept well, the Doctor and the nurse said, and with one or two exceptions when he was excited and flighty, bore his pain very heroically. He was bound about the head and shoulders. They gave him medicine and water, and some other sedatives. Now do you think strychnine is an essential remedy in such a case, Doc?"

"A small dose might be beneficial in his case, as a tonic, but a very small dose only."

"Well the nurse found a tumbler full of the deadly tincture of nux vomica, by accidently one morning. She reported the matter to the Doctor, who was at once alarmed, and thought it best to say nothing to the patient. Then she asked the physician to look at it. He was surprised, and told her it was evidently a mistake of the dispensary stewards. So the Doctor sent it to the dispensary again. After Jacob died, the same tumbler was found drained to the dregs, and examination showed that it had been full of that elixir of hideous death. What do you think of that, Doc?"

"Horrible! Where did you find it out?"

"To-day."

"From whom?"

"From the hospital parties."

"Well I might have suspected as much, Sipes. It is horrible, simply horrible. Oh! by Jove, depend upon it, the hand that slew and sent the body to the college, has been at work here. The links of the chain are clear enough."

"Well poor Jacob was buried to-day, said Sipes.

"Are you aware of that? He wasn't sent to a medical college I hope for the cause of science—for the doctors knives?"

"No indeed. He was buried in the hospital ground about a mile down the road."

"Why, that is a Catholic cemetery."

"Windthirm was a Catholic."

"By the first time I heard of it. I'm glad he's in good hands. There'll be no disturbance of the sacred ground there, depend upon it."

"Good bodied," said Eustace, who had sat ghoulishly abstracted, during the whole of the conversation.

"Now, Sipes," said the doctor "you are on the track. You know what you have to do. Your part of the work is out out, so to speak. Remember the descriptions of the men to your note book. They may reveal you. Keep your eye on No. 60 Caspar street, and its frequenters. Make an acquaintance in a casual way of Mr. Wykoff under pretenses of some little business with him, and see if you can get on Wolfert's track."

"I will, Doctor, and in fact that's what I've been contemplating all along."

"Plod out by all means about the poisoning of Windthirm."

"I will."

"As for me I have my share of the work to do. While I think of it," said the Doctor, pulling out a note book, and making a memorandum. "I must see to visiting those children at the "Home." There may be a some clue picked up there. I'll take that Templeton girl as a guide. And now, Mr. Sipes, dinner's here, I'll give you a check for past services."

"Pho! my jiminy, Doc, it'll come in so good. I want a new coat and a vest with pockets, without holes to let money drop through, when you get it. I'm much obliged to you."

St. Jean went into his library and to a few moments returned and handed the reporter a check for a very fair sum, which the reporter took very gratefully.

"Thanks, Doc, thanks. Dine with me to-morrow, you and Marvin, a la carte."

"If I'm down town I'll drop in, and I'll join you in a luncheon with pleasure."

"I will I," added Eustace. "I think I will go to the city to-morrow. The excitement of the busy street will act as a tonic on my nerves. I feel I shall go mad if I stay here."

"Why, what's the matter, my boy?"

"I'm worried at that woman's threats and her attack on Gertrude. She will do all she can to injure her, I'm afraid."

"Don't be alarmed. We'll see that her claws are clipped."

"Hello," said Sipes, looking up the road, "here comes Mrs. Burdette."

"Sure enough," said Eustace.

"Then the coupe," said Eustace. "George is driving. I wonder what new trouble is astir. It will drive me mad, this anxiety."

"Well, I'm off," said Sipes, making a dash down the gravel walk.

"Hold up," said the Doctor, "won't you wait."

"Not now, not now. I don't care about being seen," and out he darted and down the road and in a moment more was out of sight. Then the coupe stopped at the gate.

St. Jean ran down to meet his visitor. Eustace went as far as the gate and greeted the lady.

"I'm honored, Mrs. Burdette," he said, standing close to the carriage; "pray come in."

"No, thank you," she replied "I down down to ask you to come up this evening, as poor Gertrude is so very poorly. She has been so nervous, and now talks of leaving us. I cannot bear to think of such a thing."

"Why what has been the matter with her? Has she had any faluting spells lately, since I left?"

"Yes, one, and she is not the same girl she was a week ago. She seems thinner, has less appetite, does not take her usual walks, sits all day by the library reading, does not even touch the piano."

"In love? in love?" mused the Doctor. "Well, Mrs. Burdette, if you will walk into the parlor and rest yourself, I shall be most happy."

"Oh, it is not worth while now, Doctor. Jump in and let us get back as soon as possible, for I hate to leave her alone."

"I'll get my hat and pocket case and be here in a moment," said the Doctor, leaving the carriage said running back to the garden again.

"What is the matter?" demanded Eustace. "Is Gertrude ill?"

"No—that is to say she is nervous, and so wonder."

"In that case I must go over and see her."

"As you please. I am going over. But I tell you, my boy, I do not advise it."

"Why, pray?"

"It will neither be good for you nor her. She is in a very nervous way and I do not think you ought to go. Do as you please."

"There can be no harm in my accompanying you."

"None at all."

Eustace went down to the carriage and began talking to Mrs. Burdette. In a minute more the Doctor returned.

"Well, my boy are you going with us?" asked the Doctor.

"No, not this time," answered Eustace. "I hope you will fork your patient better."

"Oh, please, do come with us," pleaded Mrs. Burdette.

"On that grand party," said Mrs. Burdette, "that grand party will be the death of me, what with carpenters, paper hangers, plumbers and upholsterers. I'm worried to death. You have no idea of the noise and litter. But it will be worth it all, I hope."

"Unless the weather is bad," said Eustace.

"That will not interfere, and nearly everything will be under shelter. Still I pray it will not rain. It will be magnificent if there is a moon."

"Get the carpenters and gas fitters to make you one, put it on the cupola," suggested the Doctor.

"Ah that's being done, in fact," said Mrs. Burdette.

Mrs. Tendrie had a fancy that a huge star, made of calcium lights, should be put upon the top of the cupola. Won't it be grand?"

"How does that Tendrie woman behave now? Has she got over her spleen?" demanded the Doctor, as he took his seat in the coupe. "Oh, poor dear, she was so very much put out and came to me and kissed me."

"Yes, but that insult to Miss Southgate," said Eustace.

"Oh, she tried to be pleasant with Gertrude, but Gertrude left the room. Mrs. Tendrie, I know, tries to please everybody, to make everybody happy. It's her nature. Of course she's a woman of fierce temper, but some of the best people are that way. She was so pleasant

this morning showed me some new foulards she had purchased for the party. Perfectly superb, and such laces! She is a perfect queen in her wardrobe—and then she was laughing and so merry all last evening. The storm's over forever, I hope, though I should like her to be reconciled with Gertrude."

"That will never be," said Eustace, savagely, "after the brutal insult of the other evening. Nor shall I forget her abominable threats. The woman's a wretch at heart, depend upon it."

"So you all say—and want me to say the same. I confess I can't. Mrs. Tendric treats me well, as a general thing."

"Bah!" exclaimed the Doctor, "talk no more about her. She's not worth waste of words. Shall we go?"

"Yes, at once."

"Oh, I forgot to say that Annie Templeton has disappeared."

"Disappeared! How?"

"Left the house ever since that evening, and has never been heard from yet."

"Ah! ha! Some more of that fine woman's ministrations. By the feuds she was driven from there, I'll bet," said the Doctor.

"Why, has she run off?" asked Eustace.

"Yes, and can't be found. I'm so worried—so worried with one thing and then another."

"Poor abused, maltreated girl," said the Doctor. "If she has drowned herself out of sheer desperation one could hardly blame her. But, then again, she may be a spy, and she may be in league with the powers of darkness and evil, which are arrayed against us. I'll find out."

Eustace waved his hand as they drove off, and in a short time the well-known stone wall, thick trees and half-hidden mansion of Burdette's appeared, and the coupe winding its devious way through the carriage path, flanked by avenues of trees and edged with charming miniature lakes, arrived at the house itself. Its occupants descended and went into the roomy hallway, and the Doctor, after brushing the dust from his clothes with a light whisk which was kept on the hat-rack for that purpose, followed the hostess up stairs to the room of his patient.

He has scarcely entered the room when a pair of sinister glittering eyes glared after him from an half open door opposite, and then Mrs. Tendric's face appeared white with rage and transformed in expression. Not only was she transformed in expression but in costume also. She wore a rich and strange garb of flowered silk. Her dark hair hung in masses over her shoulders, her face, void of paint, looked ghastly pale in the morning light. Herodias might have looked thus ere she carried the bloody head of John in her triumph of drunken joy. As the door closed on the Doctor, she muttered:

"Nothing can save her from my vengeance. Neither God nor man. And you and all of yours shall be destroyed. If she escape my clutch I am not the woman I was, and my power is broken. I like such pretty game!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NAPLES AS IT IS TO-DAY.

While Rome is grave and silent, stately, historic, and yet breathing the tragic life of the past, Naples is noisy, gay, undignified, eminently a place where life is taken by the day, with no backward memories to mourn or regret and no aspirations to strive for and win—a place full of the sharpest contrasts in human society to be found on the face of the earth and where the actual satires on the religion which it professes with such zealous bigotry are so evident and so bitter that one wonders at the blindness which will not open its eyes and see. Yet with all this it is a place where smiles flash as readily as knives, and where good humor is as easily aroused as passion, a place which has the sun in it from heart to head, and where one forgives and accepts as of the general order of things blemishes of life and usage which elsewhere would revolt us beyond endurance.

NO SILENCE IN NAPLES.

No brass bands or street singers, no organs or hurdy-gurdies with dancing boys or performing monkeys, wake up the echoes of the empty Coliseum or break through the solemn memories which throng the silent Forum; but in Naples is no cessation of noises and gayety. From dawn to after midnight there is no attempt at silence, and those who sleep lightly everywhere, at Naples scarcely sleep at all. Early in the morning you are roused by the tinkling of the goat bells as the herdsmen lead their flocks through the streets to their pasture grounds in the country; then come the cries, as many, as harsh, as incomprehensible as those which once abounded in London; by and by the measured tramp of men is heard, and the band of each regiment strikes up a lively march as two, or it may be three, detachments are taken out, like the goats, for a breathing in the country. The jingling of the bells on the horses of the tramway omnibuses, and the rattle of the harness on the miserable screws which slip and stumble in the back carriages, tell you that the day's business of the city has begun. For the Neapolitans all drive when they can, and they drive the most miserable animals in existence, but at the same time the most gayly decked. Though they starve and illtreat their horses to a sickening extent—and the word is used advisedly—work them when covered with festering sores, starve them so that you can count their ribs and their bones come through the skin, lash them cruelly to go faster when so lame that they can scarcely go at all, overload them with the most brutal indifference to pain or weariness, yet they drape them up with brass tails at their ears, and fowls' feathers at their headstalls, with flowers, worsted tufts and brass ornaments to shine and clash about the harness that is kept together with rope and mended with bits of stick in place of iron. And it adds no little to the unavoidable peril of streets which have either a mere foot-wide sidewalk or none at all, that here, as in Rome as in Florence, as in all Italian cities, the cabmen come charging down on you if you are on foot, circling around you within an inch of your toes, and peremptorily demanding that you shall get at once, without delay, into their mass of rags and fleas, unable to understand how it is that you prefer walking instead.

RICHES AND POVERTY.

Such a strange commingling, indeed, of poverty and wealth, of squalor and finery, cannot be found out of this beautiful but degraded Queen of the Mediterranean; and it is never seen in such sharp contrast as during the fashionable afternoon drive on the Chiaja. Court carriages and the well-known carrozzelle; the one splendidly appointed and containing only the pretty popular Princess Margherita, with one of her ladies almost as pretty, and a fine gentleman in waiting as the guard of honor; the other filled up with ten or twelve sons and daughters of the soil, shouting, laughing, gesticulating, as they are dragged along by one wretched beast incessantly lashed and howled at to keep up his courage and make him do his work; private equipages as faultlessly appointed as those of the court; the equipages of ambassadors and princes, of the jeunesse doree of Italy and the old nobility with its roots in remote antiquity and its future flowers—where?—are threatened by the mad Jehus of hack carriages in which are half a dozen rollicking sailors in the space made for two, sunburnt contadini, and the nearest relatives of professional beggars; all these roll past the grand hotels and splendid where the rich people live up stairs and the poor breed disease and vermin in the courtyard. There they sit, those ragged inmates of the sunless, airless, stifling chambers on the ground floor, sit round the court, lounging in the sun in the street. If any one wants to see human society in its most striking extremes let him take an afternoon drive to the Chiaja at Naples, and he will not say the picture is flat for the want of light and shade.

It is flat so far; there is no costume to be seen, and Masaniello is a myth, like many other things. The sailor has bare brown legs certainly, but their costume is, for the most part, an assemblage of rags of which the marvel is how they hold together at all. All along the wall by the port men and boys are lying face downward asleep in the sun; hideous women sprawl beside them, keeping a bleared watch over their oranges and lemons; and knots of two or three lazzaroni smoke and talk with many gestures and much vociferation or play morra with more. But of the operatic fisherman of the artistic Neapolitan there is not a trace.

Never speak evil of any one. Be charitable in thought, and give even the worst people the benefit of a doubt.

SPIRITUAL LIFE.

A STORY OF FAITH.—

I do not own an inch of land,
But all I see is mine,—
The orchard and the mowing fields,
The lawns and gardens fine.
The winds my tax-collectors are,
They bring the tithes divine,—
Wild scents and subtle essences,
A tribute rare and free;
And, more magnificent than all,
My window keeps for me
A glimpse of blue immensity,—
A little strip of sea.

Richer am I than he who owns
Great fleets and argosies;
I have a share in every ship
Won by the inland breeze,
To loiter on yon airy road
Above the apple trees.
I freight them with my untold dreams;
Each bears my own picked crew;
And nobler cargoes wait for them
Than ever India knew,—
My ships that sail into the East
Across that outlet blue.

Sometimes they seem like living shapes,—
The people of the sky,—
Guests in white raiment coming down
From heaven, which is close by;
I call them by familiar names,
As one by one draws nigh.
So white, so light, so spirit-like,
From violet mists they bloom!
The aching wastes of the unknown
Are half reclaimed from gloom,
Since on life's hospitable sea
All souls find sailing room.

The ocean grows a weariness
With nothing else in sight;
Its east and west, its north and south,
Spread out from morn to night;
We miss the warm, caressing shore,
Its brooding shade and light.
A part is greater than the whole;
By hints are mysteries told;
The fringes of eternity,—
God's sweeping garment fold,
In that bright shred of glimmering sea,
I reach out for, and hold.

The sails, like flakes of roseate pearl,
Float in upon the mist;
The waves are broken precious stones,—
Sapphire and amethyst,
Washed from celestial basement walls
By suns unsetting kissed.
Out through the utmost gates of space,
Past where the gay stars drift,
To the widening Infinite, my soul
Glides on, a vessel swift,
Yet loses not her anchorage,
In yonder azure rift.

Here sit I, as a little child;
The threshold of God's door
Is that clear band of chrysoprase;
Now the vast temple floor,
The blinding glory of the dome
I bow my head before;
The universe, O God, is home,
In height or depth, to me;
Yet here upon thy footstool green
Content am I to be;
Glad, when is opened to my need
Some sea-like glimpse of thee.

MADELON.

The chill, white light of the uncompromising February morning shown in upon Mrs. Wing's little room, revealing all its deficiencies, calling merciless attention to the worn spots on the carpet, and contrasting with the feeble fire in the tiny grate, whose handful of coals made scarce any perceptible difference in the atmosphere of the apartment.

Mrs. Wing herself, pale, and shabbily dressed, with a faded shawl wrapped around her shoulders, was sitting close to the fire, with some fine needlework in her hand, and Madelon, her only child, stood opposite the tiny mirror, fastening on her hat.

Madelon Wing was a tall, slight girl, with an oval face, large, dark eyes and lustrous brown hair rippling around her temples, with that natural curve that whole grosses of crimping pins cannot hope to rival.

And, as she stood there, the look of tender solicitude on her face made her not unlike a sweet pictured Madonna.

"Are you quite sure your head don't trouble you to-day, mamma?" said she. "Because, if it does, you must not try to work on that lace flounce. Mademoiselle Printemps pays you so wretchedly, and if I can get a few more engagements to sing at morning concerts and evening soirees, there'll be no necessity for your slaving yourself to death in this sort of way."

"My dear, it is pleasant occupation for my lonely hours when you are away," said Mrs. Wing, gently.

Mamma, that's a pious fiction," said Madelon, stooping to kiss her mother's forehead. "However, I hope we shan't be so dismally poor much longer. Wasn't it nice, mamma, dear, that Mrs. Leopold took such a fancy to my voice in the choir, and asked me to sing 'Adeste Fideles' at her morning concert? It was the beginning of all my good luck—and now they tell me I am getting to be quite the fashion at these social gatherings. Ten shillings an evening. We shall be rich presently, mamma."

Mrs. Wing's faded blue eyes filled with tears.

"Madelon," said she, in a low voice, "do you remember how Guy L'Estrange used to admire your voice?"

"Yes, mamma."

Madelon's voice had grown hard, her lips compressed.

"I have so often wondered, my child, why he never replied to the note you left with Flora Fortescue for him."

"Mamma," said Madelon, with burning cheeks, "I have so often regretted that I ever wrote that note."

"But why, Madelon? It was merely a request to allow you to use his name as a reference, in case you decided to accept a situation as governess—a simple acknowledgment of our fallen fortunes, and, I think, as a gentleman—and one, too, who had always manifested sincere interest in you—he might at least have answered it."

"Dear mamma," said Madelon, hurriedly, "don't think about it any more. It was merely one of the long series of slights and insults we have been called upon to endure since we lost our property. It hurt me at first, but I don't mind it now so much."

And with a good-bye kiss and pressure of the hand, Madelon Wing left the house to keep an engagement with Mrs. Geoffreys, who had sent her a postal card, desiring her presence at Gerald Park, at eleven that morning.

Mrs. Geoffreys was a fat old lady, with a profusion of flaxen false hair, a double chin, and enough diamonds to make a sort of human show window out of her.

"Yes," said Mrs. Geoffreys, elevating her eye-glasses. "You are Miss Wing, the singer, eh?"

"I am Miss Wing," said Madelon, not without dignity, "and I sing."

"Yes," said Geoffreys. "My friend, Mrs. Leopold, mentioned your name to me. I propose to entertain a few friends next Friday evening, and I should like you to give us a song. Something Scotch or English, of the pathetic order, you know."

"I can sing 'Auld Robin Gray,'" said Madelon, quietly.

"Yes, I think that would about do," said Mrs. Geoffreys. "'Auld Robin Gray,' and afterwards the 'Last Rose of Summer.' I suppose you'll charge five shillings?"

Madelon colored.

"Mrs. Leopold pays me ten," said she.

"Ten?" Mrs. Geoffreys' voice rose almost to a shriek. "Ten for singing two songs? And the society you are in—and the privilege of supper, if you are so inclined."

"The society makes no difference to me," said Madelon, smiling; "and I never eat supper."

"Come, I'll give you seven," said Mrs. Geoffreys; "and that's more than I can afford."

And to these terms poor Madelon was forced unwillingly to accede, while Mrs. Geoffreys immediately made out a five-pound order to the nearest florist for the decoration of her rooms.

But Mrs. Geoffreys believed in economising when and where she could.

* * * * * *

"Going to Mrs. Geoffreys' party? Of course I'm going," said Miss Flora Fortescue; "and I'll borrow your pearl ear-rings, too, Jeannie. Guy L'Estrange is to be there, and I think—I really do think, Jeannie, that I can bring him to the proposing point to-night, with a little strategy."

"And I should think it was high time," said Miss Jeannie Fortescue, Flora's younger sister. "Papa's beginning to grumble awfully about the milliners' bills and things."

"Well," said Flora, complacently, "we shall see."

She was a plump, blooming blonde, and really she looked very pretty at Mrs. Geoffreys' that evening, with Jeannie's pearls, and a dress of the palest pink silk.

It was one of those awkward intervals between the dances that are apt to try the patience of the most enduring.

Flora had taken refuge in a book of photographic views, with Guy L'Estrange leaning languidly over her shoulder.

"Won't somebody sing?" said he, looking around with an air of hopeless ennui.

"We shall have some delightful singing presently," said Miss Geoffreys, who sat by. "Mamma has engaged the new sensation, Miss Wing. They say she is positively charming in ballads."

"Miss—Wing."

Guy L'Estrange looked up in surprise.

"My goodness!" thought Miss Fortescue, with a sudden start. "I hope it isn't Madelon Wing turned up again, after all these months."

And she remembered, with a guilty flush, the note, entrusted to her care, that she had never delivered to L'Estrange.

But just as the crimson scarlet suffused her face, the door was thrown open, and Madelon Wing glided into the room, halo and lovely, in a dress of black grenadine, with her brown hair coiled at the back of her head, and a roll of music in her hand.

"Madelon."

Guy L'Estrange involuntarily started forward, but the next instant he repressed himself with a violent effort, as Miss Wing passed him, and took her place at the piano, while Flora Fortescue's face was a study.

"I thought," said L'Estrange, in a low tone to Miss Fortescue, "you said that Miss Wing had gone abroad."

"I—I supposed that she had," faltered Flora, feeling the net-work of falsehood momentarily tightening around her.

But Guy had gone to the piano, and was bending with raptured face over the beautiful young singer as, one by one, the silver clear notes of "Auld Robin Gray" floated out on the perfumed hush of the crowded room.

There was a burst of applause as the last tremulous accents died away.

Mrs. Geoffreys hurried with a smiling face to the side of the singer.

"Very sweet, very affecting, indeed," said she. "We'll have the other in about an hour, if you please, Miss Wing."

"In the meantime," said Guy L'Estrange offering his arm, Miss Wing will perhaps allow me to conduct her to a cooler and less crowded part of the room?"

And Madelon felt herself being led away by the man whom she loved best in all the world—the man she believed to have deserted her when their fortunes failed, and poverty's iron grasp fell on them.

"Madelon," he said, in a low, impressive voice, when they were safe in a secluded corner, where a cluster of hired lemon trees made a sort of tropical seclusion, lighted only by a hanging lamp, "why have you left me so long in ignorance of your fate?"

"Guy," she answered, unconsciously falling into the tone of old days, "why did you never answer that note I wrote to you?"

"What note?"

"The note I gave Flora Fortescue for you."

His brows knitted darkly.

"I have never received any note," said he.

"But she told me she gave it to you."

"Then—begging Miss Fortescue's pardon for the plain English of the expression—she told you a lie. I did not know where you were; I had no means of communicating with you. Oh, Madelon, Madelon! My heart has been breaking for you all these months."

"And I fancied you had forgotten me," faltered Madelon, her eyes filled with blissful tears.

* * * * *

"Are you going so early?" said Mrs. Geoffreys, as Flora Fortescue, pale and haggard, came to make her adieux. "Why, the evening isn't half over yet!"

"I—I know it," faltered Flora; "but I have a violent headache, and the rooms are very warm."

"But Miss Wing is to sing the 'Last Rose of Summer' directly."

"I don't care to hear it," said Flora, making her escape by main force from Mrs. Geoffreys' hospitable importunities.

But Miss Wing never sang the "Last Rose of Summer" for Mrs. Geoffreys.

When that matron came to look for her young balladist to fulfil the second clause of her engagement, she was half way home, escorted by Mr. Guy L'Estrange.

"Because," said the young man, "I can't rest until I have your mother's seal to the promise you have given me—the blessed promise to be mine."

And the drooping flower of Madelon Wing's heart was reviving once more in Love's blissful sunshine.

"And," gravely added Mr. L'Estrange, "all your singing hereafter must be to an audience of one."

"Men of Straw"—The Origin of the Phrase.

It would seem that the above designation is not exclusively applicable to the particular class of men who have borne it in more modern times—in other words, that the despicable class of individuals who, in ages gone by, have constituted the "men of straw," equally flourished, and were patronized in the courts of modern Europe and ancient Greece. We are assured, indeed, by a clever writer in one of the London quarterlies (the number we forget), that, in the courts of ancient Greece, even, a class of men answering precisely to the description given in our caption was to be found; and from the fact (notorious as it would seem) that "Athens abounded in straw shoes," the inference is pretty plain that convenient witnesses were by no means scarce among the highly cultivated citizens of Athens. The writer would seem to intimate, also, that, as in Westminster Hall, formerly, "these 'Men of Straw' walked openly in court, with a straw in one of their shoes, to signify they wanted employment as witnesses," so the probability would seem to be that, while in the Greek courts downright perjury was manifestly connived at by the judges, as, in Christianized England, many years ago, men could easily be found to give any evidence upon oath that might be required—and hence originated the saying, "he is a Man of Straw." The custom, however, has high antiquity, and, as commented upon by the writer in the Quarterly Review, assumes an interest (we had almost said a fascination) not easily to be resisted. We copy his concluding remarks, verbatim, leaving to the reader to infer how full of novel and exciting matter the Quarterly correspondent's communication must be. "We have all heard of a race of men" (so the writer concludes his article) "who used, in former days, to ply about our own courts of law; and who, from their manner of making known their occupation, were recognized by the name of straw-shoes. An advocate or lawyer who wanted a convenient witness, knew by these signs where to find one; and the colloquy between the parties was brief. 'Don't you remember?' said the advocate—(the party looked at the fee, and gave no sign; but the fee increased, and the powers of memory increased with it)—'To be sure I do.' 'Then come into court and swear it.'" Only we might be supposed to be dealing in that mean weapon, flattery, we could mention the names of some cities nearer home where straw shoes could be found as well as in Athens.

Cinderella's Slipper.

BY E. O. J.

"A ball, Dell! A real, fashionable ball! Ah, it is glorious! Why, we were never at a ball in all our lives."

"I know it," responds Dell, rising, on her elbow, and pushing back her abundant, red-gold tresses. "Who says it is to be a ball?"

"Why, Aunt Vavasour says so! Didn't you hear her letter? Listen to what she says!"

MY DEAR GIRLS—I want you at Oaklands before the fifteenth. The sooner you come the better, and come prepared for a week's visit. Come well-dressed, too, my dears. My stepson, Arthur, is coming home, and I purpose giving a grand ball."

"Arthur!" cried Dell, her cheek flushing.

"Ah, what an elegant creature his five years abroad must have made him! I say, Jo, what a pity it is we can't go."

Jo stares at her sister, with two blazing black eyes.

"Can't go? Are you an idiot, Dell? Why, I wouldn't miss it for the round world! Of course we shall go."

"Shall we?" laughs Dell. "You forget. 'Come well-dressed,' says Aunt Vavasour. That settles the question. We can't go well-dressed, hence we stay at home."

Jo's blazing eyes darken; her pretty, even teeth glitter between her cherry lips, she clenches her brown, slender hand.

"I am going, Dell. I'll have the right sort of outfit, somehow. I should break my heart and die, if I missed it. Think how we've moped in this horrid old house all winter. Oh! I'm sick as death of the endless days—the scrimping, and pinching, and economising—the hateful work that must be done! The prospect of a change is bliss. Once at Oaklands, Aunt Vavasour may have the grace to invite us to prolong our stay indefinitely. Better still, one may win the heir of Oaklands for one's husband. It will go hard with me if I don't."

Dell yawns lazily, but a little flash lights her blue-grey eyes.

"What a simpleton you are, to be sure, Jo. Is it quite likely that Arthur Vavasour, having had his choice of European beauties, will come home to fall in love with your gipsy face?"

"Stranger things happen, Dell. Maybe you fancy that your milk-and-water charms may hold him?"

"I've no fancies about it. Aunt Vavasour's ball is the subject in hand, not her step-son's matrimonial prospects. I can't see how we can go to Oaklands. There isn't a day to lose, and we haven't a shilling to spend. We shall have to give it up. Aunt Vavasour might have sent us some money, as well as an invitation. She has thousands lying idle; but the rich are always penurious. There's no help for it, so it is, but to give it up."

"No, never!" cries Jo, excitedly. "We must manage it somehow. Let's see. We've nice cashmeres for ordinary wear, and there's that pretty, dark-blue silk of poor mamma's. I'll make that over."

"You? Now, what would you look like in blue? I shall make it over, and trim it up with the old lace, and wear the old pearls for ornaments. I shall look like Mother Eve, but it can't be helped."

Jo regards her fair, elder sister with indignant, tear-filled eyes.

"And what shall I do? It is like you, Dell. You always claim for yourself whatever is best, whether to wear or to eat. You are utterly selfish."

"You would do the same thing, if I'd let you," laughs Dell. "It will be better for one of us to go, at least."

"Oh, you cruel heartless, selfish creature!" And poor Jo actually begins to cry. "Would you leave me at home, and go off tricked out in what little finery there is? But I won't stand it; I'll go, too. Minnie will help me. I say, Min, Min, run here!"

A door opens, and from the culinary regions emerges a small, trim figure, clad in russet brown; fair, round arms, bared to the elbow; tender, brown eyes, lighting a dimpled, childish face.

"Min," cries Jo, "there's a letter from Aunt Vavasour, and Arthur is coming home; and there's to be a grand ball at Oaklands, and we're to go for a week's visit."

"How nice! But I couldn't leave papa, you know, girls."

Dell laughs.

"Bless your little soul, Min! no one had thought that you'd go. If Jo and I get up decent, it will be a marvel. Min, little woman, can't you help us?"

"Oh, Min!" puts in Jo, "it will break my heart if I can't go. Do let us have a little money, that's a dear child."

Min sits down, crosses her dimpled hands, and falls into sober meditation. She has only her invalid father's half-pay, he being a retired army officer, and all the heavy household expenses to defray.

"Indeed, girls," she makes answer at last, "I've barely enough to carry us through this month. I'm sorry——"

"You're always sorry, but that does no good. I can't understand what becomes of all papa's money," said Dell.

"Nor I," puts in Jo. "We live poor enough, goodness knows."

Minnie's lips quiver.

"I do the best I can, girls," she answers, gently. "Papa's wine and medicine are costly. I can give you a sovereign each, if that will help, but no more."

"That won't buy our shoes and gloves. We must give it up, Jo."

Jo breaks forth into stormy weeping, and wishes herself dead.

"Oh, hush, sister, please!" entreats Minnie infinitely distressed. "I'm sure we can make up your old dresses. There's your poplin, almost new——"

"I wouldn't wear it for anything. Dell is to have the blue silk, and there's nothing else. One had better be in one's grave, than deprived of every little pleasure in life. Oh, go away, Min, if you've no money for me. Don't kiss me. I hate kisses."

Min turns, and her tender eyes light suddenly. She darts from the room. Almost instantly she is back again, a little package in her hand.

"Dear girls, I had quite forgotten it. Aunt Vavasour gave it to me, when she came last summer, to buy me a nice dress, and I've kept it ever since. I intended to get a nice, seal-brown cashmere, for church wear, but I'll make the old one do. Take it, sisters, and welcome."

"How much is there?" gasps Jo, diving for the package, but Dell gets it.

"Six pound, and you must divide it between you—Dell three and Jo three. I must run, I am afraid my pies are burned up."

The little housekeeper hurries back to the kitchen; and bickering and grumbling as they go, her two sisters make themselves ready, and start for the village, to lay out their money.

The short, wintry days glide by, and at last the fussing, and cutting, and trimming is well over, Dell and Jo pack their outfit in the old-fashioned leathern trunk, and Squire Headley's carriage comes to take them across the country to Oaklands.

It is high noon, of a bright December day.

"You have said good-bye to papa, girls?" asks Minnie, following them as they run down the portico steps.

"Dear me, no! I forgot. You can do it for me, Min. I can't turn back now. Good-bye; and send me a little money as soon as you draw the quarterly allowance."

"Yes, Dell. Good-bye."

Dell hurries on and into the waiting carriage. Jo follows. Minnie stands in the sunshine, looking after them, her wistful eyes a trifle sad.

"Good-bye, dear girls! and here's good luck."

And she takes a small, half-worn slipper from her foot, and sends it flying after the carriage as it rolls away.

"Minnie, Minnie!" calls a voice from within.

Her father's voice, and the girl flies, not even to replace her slipper. It lies on the edge of the country road, that runs by the old fashioned home, and a traveler, jogging slowly along on a jaded horse, having witnessed the parting scene, draws rein, and leaning over the saddle bow, lifts the little shoe on the tip of his whip-handle.

"It must be Cinderella's slipper," he says, a smile lighting his handsome eyes. "I think I'll keep it."

He puts it in his breast pocket, and jogs on again; and when Min returns for her slipper, it cannot be found.

Aunt Vavasour's ball is over, and, to their extreme delight, Dell and Jo had been invited to spend the winter at Oaklands.

"You are shockingly shabby, girls," says their aunt, when they have accepted her invitation with profuse thanks. "I suppose I must brighten you up a little. If to-morrow's a fine day, we'll drive into town and purchase all you need. You are pretty girls, both of you, in your way, and I intend you shall have a chance. Now, if you manage your cards well, you may secure a home and a husband apiece, before the season ends."

The girls go to bed in a transport, and actually embrace each other in the first outburst of their joy; but they end by quarrelling fiercely over the young heir.

Jo is sure he has eyes for no one but herself, and declares herself hopelessly in love with him, and Dell laughs her to scorn in a way that would have angered a saint.

Meanwhile, one sunny morning, Arthur Vavasour orders his best horse, and canters off across the frosty country.

"I think the little shoe has bewitched me," he says. "I must see the owner."

On he goes, until the wintry sun hangs low in the West. At last he draws rein before the old, decayed mansion house, the last remnant of the once vast Leighton property.

Minnie is in the yard, a scarlet scarf wound about her brown head, feeding her poultry.

"Yes, Colonel Leighton lives here. Will you dismount, sir?"

Arthur leaps from his saddle, and approaches her, with extended hand, and smiling eyes.

"You've forgotten me, I see. Yet we were friends and playmates once. I am Arthur Vavasour."

Minnie utters a little cry of surprised delight.

"Oh, papa will be so glad. He speaks of you so often."

"And you, Minnie? Are you glad to see me?"

"Of course I am."

They go in, and up to the invalid officer's sitting room, kept bright and tasteful by Minnie's deft hands. And the three have tea together, and the master of Oaklands, hungry from his long ride, eats the crisp cakes, and brown chicken of Minnie's cooking, and watches her, as she flutters about like a graceful, busy little bird, and forthwith falls in love with her.

"She's worth a hundred of those two dressy, ill tempered sisters, at Oaklands; and if she'll agree, I'll make her my wife."

He thinks this on the second and last night of his visit, sitting by the parlor hearth, after the Colonel has gone to bed; and putting his hand in his bosom, he draws forth the little slipper.

"Minnie," he says, "I've got Cinderella's slipper here. Look at it."

Minnie looks up from her needle-work and cries out:

"Why, dear me! My poor, little slipper, lost so long! How did you come by it, Arthur? Did I throw it in the carriage, that day the girls went to Oaklands? It was kind of them to send it back to me."

"The girls didn't send it. I saw you when you threw it, Minnie, and I picked it up."

"You?"

"Yes. I was riding along the road. I have kept it ever since. Let me have it back, Minnie. I can't part with it."

Minnie lets him take it, gives him one swift, startled glance, and then lets her eyes drop and blushes rosy red.

Arthur takes the slipper and the little brown hand with it.

"Minnie," he says, his voice tender and tremulous, "you remember the dear old fairy tale? Well, this is my Cinderella's slipper! Only the woman who can wear it shall be my wife. Minnie, I love you. Can you learn to care for me? One day, will you come and make my home bright?"

Minnie looks up at him, wonder in her wide, brown eyes.

"Oh! Arthur, can you mean it? I was sure you would ask Dell or Jo."

The young man laughs as he draws her close to his side.

"Nay, little one. Neither Dell nor Jo can wear the charmed slipper. I want only you."

Minnie answers not a word; but she hides her face upon his shoulder, and sobs.

Winter goes, and the snows melt, and the hills grow green. The great oaks begin to bud in the fitful March sunshine.

Dell and Jo have had a gay visit at Oaklands. They have dressed, and danced, and flirted; but neither of them has secured a husband. Aunt Vavasour, secretly disgusted, sends them both home.

"Back to the old life," sighs Jo, standing at the window the next day after their return. "I declare, I'd as soon go to my grave. I wish we had never gone to Oaklands. I say, Dell, what shall we do?"

Dell, lying on the lounge, with a novel before her eyes, does not answer.

"It was cruel of Aunt Vavasour to send us home. I'm sure Arthur would have spoken, if only we could have stayed a little longer. He was fond of me, I know. Surely he'll come—Oh, my goodness, Dell, here he is now!"

Dell is up, and at the window in a trice.

Arthur Vavasour is fastening his horse to the post, in the yard below.

"Help me with my hair, Jo, for pity's sake! It is all in a frizzle; and one of us must go down at once. You know what a stupid Min is."

But Jo is arranging her own jetty braids.

"Yes, one of us must go down at once, and that one will be me. You don't supplant me in that way, Dell."

Fairly white with anger, Dell makes her toilet, lets down all her crinkling, red-gold curls, and puts on her most becoming dress. Jo arrays herself quite as speedily, and the two descend together.

The sitting-room door stands open, the yellow March sunshine flickering in golden waves over the faded carpet, and falling like a benediction on Minnie's brown head, as she stands by her lover's side.

Dell and Jo pause at the foot of the stairs, in utter amazement.

"Min!" they both gasp out.

Min blushed like a rose. Arthur Vavasour advances, a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

"How d'ye do, girls? Surprised to see me, no doubt! Well, we've kept our secret well, haven't we Minnie? Allow me to present my betrothed bride, the future mistress of Oaklands."

The two sisters stand dumb. Minnie breaks away from Arthur, and catches a hand of each.

"Oh! dear girls, don't be angry!" she implores. "I am not to blame. I couldn't help it, indeed! It all came of my poor little slipper!"

HOW SHALL THE NATION REGAIN PROSPERITY.

How shall we as a nation extricate ourselves from the present hard times and regain material prosperity, is a question that comes very close to the interest, moral as well as material, of every man, woman, and child that helps to constitute the nation, whatever may be their social position, occupation, or national location.

All wealth, meaning property or material abundance, is the result of labor. Persons acquire and accumulate wealth by means other than labor, in the sense of physical toil, but no one produces wealth or abundance without labor.

There is nothing so permanent and so equal in value as labor; and wages are nearly identical in all places, when measured by the same standard. Property or wealth (in the sense of the results of embodied or accumulated labor, which alone constitutes property or wealth) being once acquired, no nation or individual can increase such property or wealth by merely making or multiplying titles to it, and then counting the actuality as one property and the title—as a debt, a promise to pay, written or printed, or a mortgage—based on it as another and distinct property; nor can property be increased by adopting and using a big standard for measuring it.

If labor is the source of all wealth, if labor under the same circumstances will produce equal results, then that country which possesses the greatest natural resources, which commands the most energetic and intelligent labor, which avails itself to the largest extent of labor-saving machinery and processes, which has the best and cheapest facilities for intercommunication, and the freest and most enlightened government, ought to produce to greater advantage than any or all other countries, ought to produce the most for the expenditure of a given amount of labor, ought to be able to sell cheapest, ought, finally, to take the first place in the race for industrial and commercial supremacy among the nations.

Wages at the present time are comparatively low, and declining in the United States, because, owing to various circumstances, the results of labor are not largely remunerative to employers. Again, there is no more capital in the country than there was four years ago, when the rates of interest were high—probably not so much, for the multitudes of workers who have been idle during the last four years have been consuming rather than creating capital, as they have had to live, even if idle: and if rates of interest depend mainly, as many suppose, upon the abundance or scarcity of capital, interest at present ought to rule high. But so far from ruling high, it never was so low, and simply because the profit resulting from any use that capital can now be put to in the United States is not sufficient to justify a high rate of interest.

In respect to facilities for producing useful things easily and cheaply, the United States enjoy advantages superior to those of most other countries . . . All the world ought to come to the United States to buy, or, what is the same thing, exchange; . . . but most curiously all the world does not come here to buy, but for a great variety of products which we specially want to sell, and the world specially wants to consume, turn away and buy elsewhere; and, as a consequence, the cry is everywhere throughout the land, that in the midst of our abundance there is no demand for our abundance; and because there is no demand, the labor and machinery employed in production cease to find employment for further production. Hence wages cease to be earned and paid, and the laborer starves. Hence corporate and other investments of accumulated capital become unremunerative and as real estate derives its entire value from the value of labor or accumulated labor, which alone is property, connected with or reflected upon it, as these values shrink, real estate depreciates also and becomes unsaleable. The country is therefore suffering to-day, strange as the proposition may at first thought seem, not because we have not, but because we have; not from scarcity, but from abundance; and the thing which to-day prevents the owners and controllers of productive instrumentalities from putting them into full operation is the fear of increasing that abundance, and the knowledge that inability to dispose of it will result in its being kept or carried by the producers at a loss.

Taking the world as a whole, there can be no such thing as over-production of things necessary or desirable; and what is more, there never will be so long as any backs and sides are bare, hands and feet cold, or stomachs of human beings have not enough of food in them to satisfy. Any lack of demand for useful and desirable products which may exist must therefore be referred to inability on the part of those who desire to obtain; and to find out wherein this inability consists, with a view of remedying it, and thereby increasing demand, and consequently production and exchange, or, as it is commonly termed, business.

The so-called civilized nations of the world are not as rich as they might and ought to have been, inasmuch as for the last sixteen years especially they have been diligently wasting their capital, or placing it under conditions which will not permit of its ready use for productive purposes. Since 1860 the national debts of the world, incurred mainly for war purposes, have been increased by a sum larger than ten thousand millions of dollars; that at least an equal amount, taken from current annual product, was expended during the same period for similar unproductive purposes; and that a third equal sum will probably fail to represent what has been invested during the same time in enterprises, industrial or productive in their inception or purport, but which are now unproductive in the sense of returning any income to those who contributed. The world, for the last fifteen or sixteen years, has been specially wasting its substance—playing on a great scale the part of the Prodigal Son—and such a course, if persisted in, will, in virtue of a common law, ultimately bring nations as well as individuals alike to the husks.

It is the opinion of Mr. Edward Atkinson, founded on data somewhat hypothetical but warranted (and with which the writer of this article after careful consideration and review agrees), that, with the existing power of production in the country, about twenty-five minutes' extra labor per day, on the part of it adult male working population, would suffice to defray all the interest on our present national, state, and municipal debt, and establish a sinking-fund sufficient to extinguish the aggregate principals of the same, provided a sale could be obtained for the resulting products of such labor at substantially existing prices.

The outbreak of civil war in 1861, and its vigorous prosecution until 1865, acted as an immense stimulus to invention and discovery in the Northern States, and led to an application of labor-saving machinery and methods to the work of production which, taking time into consideration, has probably no parallel in the world's experience. Such a result was, however, almost necessary, in order that the nation might live, and not be crushed by the burden of its war expenditures and the diversion of a large proportion of its industry from productive to destructive purposes. With certainly not more than five millions of male adults engaged in agriculture, mechanic arts, manufactures, and transportation in the Northern States in 1860, the close of the war in 1865 found more than a million of adults enrolled in the service of the Northern armies. But the industrial products of these same States, especially the products of agriculture, did not, however, in general decrease during the war-period by reason of the diversion of labor noted; but on the contrary, and mainly through the invention and use of labor-saving machinery, they largely increased. * * * *

When the stomach clamors, when the back is bare, and the hands and feet are cold, there is little place in the mind of any person except for thoughts relating to the satisfaction of the animal. When the New York Prison Association state, as they do, in one of their recent reports, that crime is increasing in New York and New England and in other parts of this country in an alarming ratio—in a ratio greater than is manifest in England and Ireland—they present a case which is not to be primarily remedied by the preaching of sermons or the singing of hymns. And if half the time spent in preaching sermons and singing of hymns, and in metaphysical discussions as to whether the Pope is the "man of sin," and "whether modern culture tends to infidelity," were spent in inquiring why it is that in this country, with all the elements of abundance, we have enforced idleness, increasing poverty, and, consequently, increasing crime; why it is that people who pass out of churches and tabernacles where sermons are preached and hymns sung, pass out into an atmosphere so crammed with unnatural necessities that overcome virtue, and with artificial temptations to do wrong so powerful that human nature, as ordinarily constituted, cannot resist, there would be more souls made happy in this world, and more probably saved for the next, than there now is.

But in respect to the immediate needs, new avenues for trade, and consequent new employments, can they be created, it may be asked, if all whose business it is should give the matter earnest attention? We answer unhesitatingly, that in respect to the United States, and to the present emergency, it is not only possible, but comparatively easy, to effect such results. But the demonstration of the how, and the presentation of evidence sufficient to enable each person who has followed this line of argument and investigation to arrive at an independent judgment and a self-answer, is a work to be entered upon separately.—David A. Wells, in North American Review for July.

THE INCONSISTENCIES OF HABIT.

We extract the following from a late Paris letter: Modesty is only another word for habit. The French woman displays her leg on muddy pavements in a way that makes English and American women hang their heads with shame. The English woman hides her legs but she exposes her breast in crowded assemblies with a freedom that strikes French and Americans with disgust. The American hides both breast and ankles; but very young girls show themselves freely alone in streets, omnibuses, cars, and ferryboats in a way that fills Europeans with horror at their immodesty. Oriental women hide their faces for their modesty. In the days when broad bandeaux of hair were worn it was immodest for an ear to be seen. I have seen in a fashion article, in an American publication of years ago, the assertion that no modest woman could feel at ease with her hair behind her ears. African travelers, who only see the human figure in its natural condition, affirm that the sight of the naked form of native women has not the slightest disturbing effect upon the imagination. But only let those same forms be partially dressed, and the impropriety of the revealed portions is as evident as were they exposed by civilized women. The habit of looking continually upon the human figure by the artist robs it utterly of the impure associations that haunt the mind of the Philistine. The most reckless student of the l'Ecole des Beaux Arts forgets the naked woman in the beautiful lines and curves and color of the model before him. That modesty is only habit the innocence of children, who have no modesty till they begin to lose their virgin innocence of thought, plainly shows. "Never, never, never let your brother see you in your chemise," said a modest governess to her little pupil, whom she found one day dancing about in her one garment among her brothers. "You cannot come in," cried the little girl, next day, when her baby brothers tried to enter her room. "You cannot come in, for I am in my chemise." A moment after she opened the door saying: "Now you can come in." She had dropped off the immodest garment, and stood in her angelic modesty, naked as Eve before sin came into the world.

Nevertheless, all persons may not see the nude figure purely. The aforesaid newspaper correspondent cannot, for alas, to her there is no modesty but the modesty of many yards of dry goods. An American mother came to Paris a few weeks ago, bringing her daughter, a girl of 13. This daughter had been reared tenderly; the inner petal of a rosebud is not more sheltered from malign influence than she. But sometimes a worm creeps into the very heart of a rosebud. "Mamma," said this child a day or two after her arrival in Paris, "do let us go to the Bois de Boulogne, or somewhere, where we can see Cora Pearl and the rest of the demi-monde!"

"Cora Pearl! the demi-monde!" gasped the horror-stricken mother; "where did you ever hear of such horrible things?"

"Why, in Lucy Hooper's letters, of course, that were in the newspaper at home!" answered the child.

LUCK IN MARRIAGE.

Who can say that marriage, one of the most important matters in life, is not regulated by luck? One marries an old friend, fondly believed to be thoroughly known, and finds, as time goes on, a host of little faults, like a nest of small vipers, which come out only in the infinacy of matrimony, and which have never so much as lifted up their heads in public view.

It was a mere chance on the other side that brought together those fortunate two whose stars are lucky and their guardian angels energetic. They knew each other only a few days before they were engaged—only six weeks before they married; but if they had been brought up by careful parents for that one express purpose, been shaped and moulded and educated for no other view, they could not have been made more thoroughly harmonious, more completely adapted the one to the other. But it was all a piece of chance work from end to end—the time and place and manner of meeting, the circumstances of the acquaintance, the condition of affairs on either side at the moment; there was no calculation, no clever combination or masterly arrangement of events; it was chance, and, as that chance turned out well, pray was it not good luck, and is not this the same by which to call it?

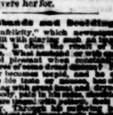
As for that other marriage, made after a long and friendly intercourse, where it would seem that the nature of each was necessarily laid bare to the very bones—where care was taken by her parents, and the whole of his circumstances declared—what was that, too, but ill luck, in that the hidden nest of vipers should exist unsuspected, bringing misery and destruction to what looked so fair and promised so well? Ill luck, too, was it when those two people met and fell in love with each other, affairs not suffering the natural arrangement of things: ill-luck when those other two did not meet, so sure was it that they would have fallen in love, and so charming and suitable as the alliance would have been to both; ill-luck that the team roller should begin to snort just as the carriage was passing, so that the horses ran away, the coachman was killed, the carriage upset, and the master of the house made a paralytic for life. It was all the chance of five minutes. Five minutes later the monster would have passed out of sight and hearing; and in all probability the family would not have had to suffer anguish for all time because of the ill luck contained in the space of less than three hundred seconds.

GOD has made no one absolute. The rich depend on the poor, as well as the poor on the rich. The world is but a magnificent building; all the stones are gradually cemented together. There is no one subsists by himself alone.

IMPLICIT submission in a man to his wife is ever disgraceful to both; but implicit submission in a wife to the will of her husband is what she promised at the altar, and what the good will revere her for.

Cross Husbands and Scolding Wives.

"Domestic infelicity," which newspaper reporters nowadays credit with playing such an important part in life's drama, is often the result of some chronic disease. What husband or wife can be cheerful, smiling and pleasant, when suffering from the ... husband's liver becomes ... bitter, disagreeable ... [illegible]



A Marvelous

and most delightful toilet preparation for beautifying the complexion and preserving the skin is Laird's "Bloom of Youth." Genuine prepared only by George W. Laird. It is perfectly harmless, and guaranteed free from any ... [illegible]

THE LITTLE BROWN SEED IN THE FURROW.

BY THE W. REVERAN.

A little brown seed in the furrow
Lay still in its grimy bed;
While o'erhead the sunbeams glinted
Where wheat-ripening overhead.
There ye heard of storage and rare,
Of planting deep and floating air,
Of sleeping now and growing by night,
And the seed heard all they said.

Four little brown seed in the furrow
Lay waiting for the rain;
So far away from the great, glad day,
They thought to germinate in vain.
In the heart she treasured every word,
And all the counsel she heard and stored.
For the light that shone, and the rain that stirred
In that land so wonderful were unknown.

The little brown seed in the furrow
Was thrilled with a strange unrest;
A voice now hope and now despair
Within her lowly breast.
With her two small hands clasped close in prayer,
She lifted her head in the darkness there
To go through the seed, toward sun and air,
Her faded hands she pressed.

O little brown seed in the furrow,
Art not you here planned the model?
And mystery of the unborn
Your beautiful leaves unfold.
Like wings outspread for upward flight;
And slowly, slowly to day and night,
A sweet face looks from the sod at night,
You wear a crown of gold!

—St. Nicholas for July.

True to Her Promise.

In the dark interior of the earth, among the gnarl rocks, are found many precious stones that serve to ornament the persons of lord and lady, and sparkle in the royal crown of monarchs.

Thus it is in human life. Among the ignorant and debased we often behold one whose mind is more highly cultivated and whose soul has attained a higher degree of refinement than his fellow-beings.

Flora Allen was a maiden who had passed her days among the vales and mountains.

Her associates were of the humblest and thrifty class, yet deeply lacking in those accomplishments that tend to the development of the refined lady and gentleman.

But Flora possessed an indomitable will in searching after knowledge, and her mind being of a high analytical nature, and her comprehensive faculties well developed, she soon arose above her associates in educational requirements.

Not only did she excel them in intellectual qualities, but in beauty of features and grace-fulness of person. She was none among the young people with whom her life was interwoven that could compare with her.

She had a rosy complexion, indicating that it had received the invigorating influence of the sun and air. Her eyes were large, mirthful, and noble-looking, while down her shoulders hung her auburn tresses in many a wavy fold.

She delighted to participate in out-door exercises, and nothing gave her greater pleasure than to wander in the woods at twilight and pass the time in perusing an interesting book or else occupying herself in some artistic work.

As she walked along, now and then plucking some modest flowers that grew at her feet, her voice rose in melody on the perfumed air. Pathetically she ceased singing, the warm blood mantling her cheeks.

"Pray do not allow my presence to disturb you. Whenever I hear people singing I feel that they are happy, and I take great delight in indulging in sweet reverie."

The speaker was a young man clad in plain clothes. He was standing on the bank of a stream, holding a fishing-rod in his hand. At the present time he was not much interested engaged in observing the pretty form that stood before him than attending to his piscatorial occupation.

"I presume that you are Mr. Allen's daughter," he continued. "I have not the honor of his acquaintance, but I have often heard of him and yourself by means of my friend, Thomas Belcrew."

"You are right," she replied, modestly. "Probably you are aware that Tom is my cousin."

"I have often heard him mention his cousin Flora, but I have never had the honor of meeting you before. Allow me to introduce myself as Henry Dunham."

She bowed slightly, and said—

"I have often heard Tom speak of you, Mr. Dunham."

"I shouldn't wonder; he is very prone to talk like his friends. You ought to hear him speak of you."

"I trust he didn't say anything very bad about me," she said smilingly.

"Not in the least. In fact he said he couldn't do you justice."

"The flatterer!" she exclaimed. "He deserves to have his ears boxed. But I really think Cousin Tom is one of the best fellows in the world."

"I quite agree with you," said Henry, with great warmth of feeling. "I have had a good opportunity to become well acquainted with his disposition, as we associated together a great deal while living at Keene, and a better lad than Thomas Boldren was not to be found, in the place."

"What success have you had in fishing, Mr. Dunham?" asked Flora, changing the topic of conversation.

"Not any," was the reply.

"Change his not in his hand, Henry Dunham framed his steps in the direction of the sycamore that had been pointed out to him by Flora Allen.

Had not her pretty features and charming ways made a deep impression on his young heart, in all probability Henry Dunham's angling at the sycamore would have been crowned with success, as he was a skilful angler, and the stream abounded in a better grade in which to engage in this romantic occupation.

As it was, however, he met with but little success. He found it somewhat difficult to keep his mind on fishing, and the maiden from whom he had parted only a few moments before; and so, after spending half an hour at the stream, and succeeding in catching only a small perch, he retired by his line and directed his steps toward the village.

All that day Flora Allen's mind was filled with thoughts of Henry Dunham. She had been favorably impressed by him, and his agreeable manners had quite won her admiration.

They met again not long afterwards, and from that time the acquaintance that had sprung up in their hearts became more intimate. In a short time the bud of friendship bloomed into the flower of love, and life took a new charms to their spirits.

Henry Dunham visited Flora Allen at her father's home, and in the grove where he had first met her they passed many a happy hour.

At length there arrived a time when he informed her that they must part. He had recently received an appointment as a mate on board a steamer that was to sail in a few days for the East Indies. Before they separated he received her sacred promise to become his wife on his return from the voyage.

"I shall come back some day if God spares my life, and then I shall claim you as my bride," he said, on the last day that they were together. "Accept this ring, dearest Flora, and always remember me."

He took her delicate hand in his, and slipped the ring on her finger.

"I desire to have you leave me, Henry," she said, softly. "Then let us be somewhere."

"There is danger as well on land, darling and truly I do not believe there exists more peril on the ocean than on the shore. I shall not be absent more than a couple of years, providing no unforeseen accident occurs to prevent my return. In the meantime I shall often write to you."

He stooped over her and gently kissed her. "Good-bye, little one."

So saying, he hurried away.

The time passed very heavily with Flora the first few days after her lover's departure for sea. She had received a letter from him the very day on which he was to leave port, informing her of his excellent spirits.

After the lapse of several days she became more used to his absence. Still she cherished his memory as dearly as ever, and could hardly wait until she again received tidings of him.

A year had passed away in sunshine and shadow, when one morning Mr. Allen handed Flora a letter. As she looked at the superscription, she recognized the handwriting of Henry Dunham. Tearing open the envelope, and with a throbbing heart, she hastily read the lines inscribed therein.

The letter announced his excellent health, but it also bore the sad tidings of the loss of the vessel of which he was part owner, thus deeply involving him in penury. He had written from abroad, where he intended to stay until he had in some degree retrieved his fortunes.

This last announcement fell heavily on the young girl's soul. Her dreams of opulence had been many, still they had never overshadowed the love that she cherished for him. She rejoiced to hear of his excellent health, and trusted that in the future better times would unfold themselves.

In her reply she deeply consoled with him on the unfortunate occurrence that had recently befallen him. Her letter was full of cheering words, in which she repeated her promise ever to remain true to him, whether riches or poverty were his destiny.

"Noble girl!" exclaimed Henry, as he sat in his room reading her letter. "Thank Providence, I have a healthy body and a pair of strong hands. The world is wide, and affords a most ample field in which to develop one's faculties."

The castles that hope erectsare often levelled to the ground by the relentless hand of fate. The plans that we design are seldom accomplished according to our own intentions.

Thus it was with Henry Dunham.

Possessing a strong will and an earnest spirit, he endeavored to retrieve his fallen fortunes; but fate was against him, ever thwarting his purposes.

Now and then Flora was the happy recipient of welcome tidings from her absent lover. He endeavored to conceal nothing from her in regard to himself, and always spoke cheerfully of the future.

Two years had passed away since the departure of Henry Dunham.

Mr. Allen had in the meantime, sold his estate and moved into the town of Keene. The duties of life Flora found much with which to occupy her attention. Her charming ways and intellectual qualities soon placed her in the front rank of society.

Many a young gentleman at first strove to win her heart and hand; but she remained true to him whom she first learned to love.

She mingled but little in company, and was the acknowledged belle of the place.

Opposite to where Mr. Allen lived there resided a rich family named Williams, among whom was a young man bearing the name of Frank.

He had been introduced to Flora at the residence of her cousin, and her pretty ways and distinct manners had deeply impressed him.

The friendship existing between him and Flora was of the highest order. He frequently sought her company, and mingled greatly in her society. Her rich, comprehensive mind afforded him much food for meditation and improvement.

One balmy evening in September, a few months after Mr. Allen had taken up his residence in town, Frank Williams called on Flora at her father's house.

He found her alone, and after a few words of greeting had been interchanged between them, he said:

"I came this evening, Flora, to ask you to marry me."

The abruptness with which he uttered these words caused her to gaze at him in the deepest amazement.

"Surely, Mr. Williams, I thought that you were aware before this that my heart belongs to Henry Dunham."

"Yes," he replied, "I believe that you were engaged to him when he went to sea; but that was several years since. At that time he was rich; then afterwards, as you well know, misfortune befell him. Now what has he to offer you, Flora, excepting his love? and even if that you are not certain. Who knows but that some other maiden has won his affections? It is not impossible—nay, not even improbable that he may wish to free himself from the vows he made to you. Again, Flora, I ask you to be my wife."

"For shame Mr. Williams, to endeavor to tempt me from him who, I sincerely believe has remained true to me! I have long honored you as a friend. Could you believe me to be so base and false as to desert Henry Dunham on account of his poverty? Far from it! Your wealth is not the charm which can induce your wife while Henry is true to me."

"Then my pleadings are in vain?"

"Yes; they have no more effect on my heart than the wind has in moving a mountain."

Contrary to her expectations, Frank Williams did not quail under her cutting retort. Taking a seat by her side, he said—

"Flora, you are a true girl, and for your truthfulness I admire you. Although poverty has assailed your lover, still you have never deserted him. Yours, Flora, is a noble love—one that cannot be extinguished by the power of wealth. I perceive I can be no bitter rival in which to engage in this romantic occupation.

"Now, Flora, I will be candid with you. I have long loved you, and have sought your society because I thought that I could win your affections. I have failed in my object, and I am glad of it. Your constancy to Henry Dunham is worthy of the highest praise. Should he never return, you will be true to his memory.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
PHILADELPHIA
1821 1871
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HERALD BUILDINGS, 97 SOUTH SIXTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 14, 1877

A New Feature for the Post.

Our Home Culture column, this week, contains the quotations on the title page of and the introduction to

"SELF-TRAINING,"

BY

MRS. H. O. WARD,

a literary lady of New York. This valuable work we have purchased for the readers of the Post in advance of its publication in book-form, and it will be presented in weekly instalments.

LETTERS, NOTES AND INVITATIONS will be treated of in the first chapter, which will follow in our next number.

Another New Serial.

We begin this week the publication of another new serial story, called

"FOR LOVE'S SAKE ONLY."

Readers of this new romance, which is the work of the well-known author of "Her Own Fault," "How Nellie Lost Her Chance," and other equally interesting fictions, will find it thoroughly fascinating from beginning to end. It is pronounced to be its talented author's best effort.

OLD BOOKS.

There never was a true literary worker who did not revere old books. For such a person the worm-eaten, yellow-leaved tomes of other days have a fascination that nothing in the record of the ancient Public Library can equal. The ancient volumes may be defective in point of typography, and their contents not altogether satisfactory, but these causes only enhance their value in the eyes of genuine sterotypers. The rude letters, clumsy and uneouth to look at, suggest the infancy of the "art preservative of all arts," and the crude text recalls the age when literature, so to speak, was in its cradle. But those who printed and those who wrote these antique tomes were mastered their trades in the years gone by, and, for the patient toiler with the pen, their time-stained volumes form sweet connecting links between the present glowing with promise and the dead and almost forgotten past.

Old books may truly be called the ghosts of literature, for they are spectres from whom all the save the enchanters who call them from their graves, the dust begrimed shelves of the second hand dealers. Dickens said that the wisdom of our ancestors is in their maxims. It is equally in the volumes they laboriously brought forth, and in their pages the literary man of to-day finds a sweet communion with the sages who were regarded with reverence centuries agone. But there is also a deep feeling stirred up in the breast of the literary worker of the hour, as he gazes on the books of the departed years. a feeling of sympathy which arises from purely selfish considerations. He thinks of the time when the present will be the past, and when his own luxuriously-printed volumes will themselves be old books, will be as dusty and neglected as the original editions of Chaucer, Cowley and the rest.

There is another class who love old books almost as much as the true literateurs, but their love springs rather from vanity—the vanity of possession than from real attachment to old-time authors and their works. Is it necessary to say that we allude to the collectors, the fanciers of antique literature? Those people pride themselves on having in their library shelves rare copies of the productions of famous writers of the past. They look on them as curiosities, and as curiosities alone. The fancier may not and perhaps does not know that Sir Charles Sedley wrote "The Mulberry Garden," Sanne Jenyns "The Art of Dancing," Abraham Cowley "The Mistress," or Lucretius "The Epicurean Philosophy," but he will tell you that the rarest edition of Sedley was printed for T. Davies, London, in 1776, that the Cadell edition of Jenyns of 1783 is worth a great deal, that the Herringman edition of Cowley of 1668 is almost priceless, and that a copy of Creech's Lucretius, reading on its title page, "London, printed for Thomas Sawbridge at the Three Flower-de-Luces, Little Brittain, and Anthony Stephens, at the Bible, near the Theatre in Oxford, 1682, is worth its weight in gold.

But the book-fancier, whilst his passion has no greater dignity than that of the ordinary antiquary, and is not by any means entitled to the consideration we bestow on the literary man's reverence for the volumes of the past, yet fills an important place in that it is mostly through him and his like that the rare books have been preserved from year to year through the ages, and will go on further guarded and kept for future generations to look upon. We can pardon the lack of appreciation that these fanciers feel and have felt for the true value of old books when we consider these things, but we must also, in some degree, pity them for being merely passive instruments of preservation, and for lasting nothing in their acquisitions but a mere satisfaction of vanity.

POPULAR MUSIC.

There is no denying the fact that the great majority of Americans do not take kindly to what is known as classical music. They prefer music of the lighter stamp, something that they can understand without having to stop and study over it. It is all well enough for skilled musicians to stand up and war for Beethoven, Mozart, Chopin and the rest of the great masters of harmony, for it is their business to comprehend them, and their tastes and instincts naturally lead them in the direction of what is confessedly superior in music. It is not so, however, with the bulk of American humanity. Many people, as a rule, it is true, are music-lovers, but they turn to music for enjoyment and recreation, and not for study. Hence, they prefer Offenbach, Lecocq and Arthur Sullivan as composers to Mendelssohn, Bellini and Gounod, and like a sweet, melodious, homely ballad better than all the grand operatic solos, duos and trios combined.

Sometimes a particularly striking and easily remembered operatic air is hummed or whistled for a few days or weeks in the streets, but very rarely is one so fortunate as to be sung by them. Ballads, on the contrary, sometimes seize on a whole neighborhood, and are enthusiastically chanted on all hands. The reason is that they appeal to the heart of human nature that appeals directly to the heart and taste of the masses. Theodore Thomas, for a number of years past, has vainly striven to make the people of this country thoroughly understand and appreciate classical music, but he has succeeded only with the cultured few, and never in one instance with the masses. His labors in the cause of symphonies have been heroic, and that he has failed to naturalize them here is nothing to his discredit. The thing was simply an impossibility. But whilst Thomas has thus striven, hundreds of ballads have run through the entire land like wildfire, and the publishers have realized fortunes on them.

This state of affairs, however, cannot be urged in support of the theory that Americans have no taste for music. They are full of it, but their inclination is for the familiar and not for the learned and more artistic melodies. Our people took to the airs of Offenbach, Lecocq and Sullivan because they were light, gay and amusing, and they will take to any air that may have in them the elements of sweetness and familiarity. They regard music not so much as a science as an enjoyment, and as an enjoyment will not cleave to it if they have to ponder and study over it.

HENRI MURGER.

In the year 1848, a literary light broke upon Paris, and people looked up to Henri Murger as they would look up at a strange comet or meteor.

This little, bright-eyed, prematurely bald genius made his first hit by his "Vie de Bohème," which is a transcendent work of talent and too little known in this country.

It is a series of scenes taken from the ordinary life of the Quartier Latin, or students' quarter, and represents the actual, unvarnished tale of the men and women of that part of the intellectual Parisian populace called the Bohemians. To this class belong artists and authors, musicians, sculptors, painters, poets and tragedy-writers, who, while they live in a garret upon nothing, yet build gorgeous castles for their future tenantship, and revel in imaginary orgies. All this Murger describes with an uncommon humor which is simply fascinating, and he has touched the chords of the heart by pathos and mirth even to the close.

This remarkable man, who was as great a genius as Balzac, yet who was unfortunate, made more money than money out of his works. He had been reared in privation, and had climbed the "starving road to glory" amid much that was pitiful, much that was bizarre. When he did get the money, he was a prince for expenditure.

He really, after a certain time, accumulated a large income from his pen, which disappeared more rapidly than it came. He lived in a garret upon nothing, beset at every step by creditors and bailiffs, and reckless extravagance only plunged him deeper in misery. It is from the depths of his own experience that he draws the amusing and oftimes painful pictures of the struggles of the literary Bohemian in Paris.

The works of Murger are becoming better known now to English readers through the medium of good translations. There is much in his genius in his writings which could be expunged without deterioration of the rest of the splendid work, for Murger was a magnificent writer, possessing a clear, sparkling style, abounding in quaintness, humor, and a keen power of analysis.

A well-known literateur of this city, who is now engaged in the work of translating the "Vie de Bohème," told us that he considered that work far superior, for real mirth-provoking humor and knowledge of character, to the "Pickwick Papers." This is not only a matter of taste but of judgment, and we advise our readers to read Murger, if not in the original, in the best translations they can find.

OUR SANCTUM CHAT.

ALL foreigners visiting China unite in the assertion that the Chinese at home are about the cruelest people on the face of the earth. Their ideas of justice and their punishments recall the days of the Spanish Inquisition. A very great deal of evidence, in criminal cases is elicited by torture, unless that given coincides with the ideas of the magistrate. If, under torture, witnesses assert things detrimental to the side he proposes to favor, they remain in agony till they take it all back again. When has got it arranged to suit himself, ten to one he will adjudicate another dose to them for not telling the truth (?) at once. There is something frightful to the civilized mind in such abortion of justice, but even when the verdict is correct and the crime is horrible the punishments are so truly barbarous you sink your detestation of the offence in your pity for the suffering offender. The sight of a human being receiving 200 or 300 blows from a heavy bamboo, leaving gashes and flesh beaten to a jelly, and finally a helpless cripple for life, does not tend to awaken your love for your fellow-man. Kneeling on chains for many hours, the lash descending at the slightest change of posture; pinching the fingers in vices made of split bamboo, enlivening metal tubes about the body and extremities, in which boiling fluid is poured, wearing the flesh whenever it touches; wearing a three-feet square, twenty-pound wooden collar day and night for weeks, being unable to reach the mouth with the hand, and exposed to the gaze of passers-by in the locality of the offence; placing in a cage with the head secured in a collar which forms the roof, the toes just touching the ground, and left to die by starvation and strangulation; beheading and cutting into fragments, instead of into "ten thousand pieces," are among the usual punishments of this enlightened race.

THOSE sages, the Millerites, or as they are now styled the Adventists, have made another grievous error. According to their calculations, the final catastrophe, involving the dissolution of the world, was to have arrived on the seventh of July, but, nevertheless, we issue the Post tranquilly on the fourteenth of the month, and the "crack of doom" is not yet! The Boston Sunday Evening Gazette man, it would appear, got ready for the impending shock. He thus pathetically gives vent to his feelings on the subject: "It was with shuddering that we read the Adventists' assurance which was announced that the world would positively come to an end on the seventh of July. We waited in fear and trembling all day yesterday, sadly contemplating the uselessness of bank accounts, the futility of ordering Sunday's dinner, the vanity of the four per cents, loan, and the emptiness of all worldly ambitions. It gave us a pang of unspeakable pain as we saw the heedless throngs going about their business on that fatal day, as though reckless of the blow that was to knock them into kingdom come in the twinkling of a bed-post. The inherent depravity of human nature was never made more manifest than in the way in which people persisted in imbibing the soul-killing cocktail in the face of the awful prophecy of the Adventists. The women went about shopping, and bought life ribbons, sinful silks and vain laces, instead of thinking of their shrouds. Not a human being got himself into his coffin and waited patiently and trembling for the impending shock. How quickly it would have ended the Russo-Turco war, and left nobody to chronicle to the future, and to the nobody to read who triumphed! By this time we ought to have been flying through space in the shape of countless asteroids, kicking up no end of hobbery among the other planets, some of us knocking a bee into Jupiter's eye, and others chipping bits out of Saturn's rings. And yet, here we are, safe and sound, after all. The conclusion instinctively arises in the reflective mind that the Adventists were mistaken, across one another. At all events, we remain unharmed, and shall never forgive the prophets for having so greatly alarmed us."

A BAY STATE contemporary, whilst paying a deserved tribute to the genius of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, takes occasion to make some exceedingly just remarks on poetry and its composition which it would benefit some of our impotent bards to remember. It says: "Dr. Holmes poem at the Woodstock celebration is something to be admired as the few productions of similar occasions. It is clear, pointed, picturesque and graphic —easily understood and easily appreciated—exactly, in short, what such productions should be. There is proof in it that a man may write poetry, without obvious effort and without affectation, which shall satisfy the general taste while it is adequate to meet the best models of criticism. It is natural in it that is a model and a lesson for younger writers. Metaphysical poetry may have its place—subtlety of thought and obscurity of expression are, it may be, sometimes necessary to reach certain scholastic standard; but poetry that endures is not of this character. It meets an allowncray of taste of the moment among the more fastidious, rather than puts the stamp of immortality upon the name of the writer. It is well for the younger poets of our generation, who are too often led to efforts of this kind that might be left, for directed, to bear this in mind. We have had enough of it. We are almost certain that he who undertakes to equal him is, to adopt his own form of speech, striving for the unattainable. A much better model is either Longfellow, Whittier or Holmes. We would not, however, be heresy of questioning Prof. Lowell as an example, yet we fear in some of his anniversary poetry he has set young writers a copy which it has been an injury to them to attempt to follow."

THE UTICA Observer grows funny on the subject of liberal advertising and its results. It takes the insanity of Dr. J. Ayer as its text, and thus proceeds: "The insanity of Dr. J. C. Ayer, of Lowell, affords a terrible warning to advertisers. Here is a man engaged in the manufacture of a pill for which he is making much from the hundred other pills that may be obtained at any drug store. In an ungnarded moment he made up his mind that he would advertise, not in the meagre style of the retail druggist dealer, but in a comprehensive sort of way, by which he could reach every possible purchaser of pills. He started with the idea of devoting half his profits each year to advertising. The results may have been foreseen. He accumulated money so rapidly that he didn't know what to do with it. When he had rolled together some fifteen million dollars and had vainly endeavored to find some outlet for his ever-increasing profits, his mind gave way under the absorbing cares of his vast business, and he is now a patient at an asylum for the insane. How easily this might have been averted. If he had stuck to the conservative methods of many of our merchants and refrained from advertising he might have been passing quietly through bankruptcy now instead of being loaded down with uncounted millions. It is a dangerous experiment for a man that does not want to get rich to advertise. Or if he advertised at all, he must advertise grudgingly and at long intervals, lest his profits should grow out of all proportion to his requirements, and he should find himself burdened with wealth. Advertising conducted on the principle of devoting half the profits of a business to it, is, we repeat, a dangerous experiment. It precipitates a fortune upon the advertiser so suddenly that the chances are even that he will not know what to do with the money."

LITERARY NOTES.

Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city, have just published "The Child-Hunters," by "Friend of Italy." This work is the history of Lucia Garcia and Lorette Ferrara, two young Italian girls, who were disposed of by their parents in Italy to an unscrupulous man named Marco Vincens, who brought them to New York to ply the trade of street musicians and singers. Vincens and his partner, Bruna Gambino, inhabited a tenement-house in the east central part of the metropolis, and into this wretched place the unfortunate Lucia and Lorette were thrust. They lived a life of torment and misery here. Marco and Gina Bruna had a number of other children under their charge. Both these wounderls were utterly destitute of the finer feelings of humanity. They treated their little, helpless victims like so many dogs, and avariciously tore from them every cent they could get by the streetbeating them when they did not bring in what they thought a goodly amount. One little boy, Jose Maria Aguila, they whipped to death on frivolous pretext, and in her horror at this cruel deed Lucia Bruna, Gambrina fell overboard and was drowned. Vincens, in a drunken orgie, afterwards set fire to the house, and Marco and Gina fiance Lucia and Lorette fell into the hands of a kind and benevolent man, a genuine Christian, then in the West. The little girls finally grew up, and, returning to Italy, founded a school for the moral education of the poor. The story is a graphic description of the patroni and their iniquities. "The Child-Hunters" is universally read at present, and the narrative carries with it the conviction that it is not in the least overdrawn. Pere Hyacinthe appears in its pages, and he is a truthful religious tone pervading it. The work is in one volume, handsomely bound, 18mo. It is finely printed, neatly illustrated, and handsomely bound in cloth. Besides the history of Lucia and Lorette, it contains a romantic love-story relating to the padroni. "The Child-Hunters" deserves an universal reading.

Messrs. Porter & Coates, of this city, have published a very neat little volume called "A Plea for Art in the Home." The author is W. J. Loftie, who is "Up and Out of London." The work under review is the first volume of the "Art at Home Series," and will be found invaluable to all who like to deck their homes with objects of art and antiquity. Mr. Loftie says in his preface that the following chapters are an attempt to put some practical rules and anecdotes into colloquial language. Almost all that has hitherto been published on art, either at home or abroad, has been written in a manner which many almost be called poetical, so far does it differ from the practice of what is practical. I hope I have succeeded in showing how those of persons who are in the position of rulers may be induced to take an interest in the revision of old rules, or the setting forth of the accepted code of manners for the present day. The author is right in relation to "the old-fashioned" and certainly those families where good breeding has been disregarded in childhood and youth, where the rules and articles of verta generally, should be without it. It is in one volume, 12mo, illustrated, 100 pages. The type is large and clear, the quality of paper good, and the binding flexible cloth. Price, $1.00 a copy.

New Music.

We have received from Messrs. S. T. Gordon & Co., New York, the following pieces of new music: "Spring Song," pretty words and neat melody, moderately easy; "Nevermore," a song, with elaborate words and music; easy; "If Only," one of Caribel's songs, sparkling words and flowing music, difficult; and "Little Germaan Heart," one of the German dialect songs by Wagner, appropriate words and melody difficult.

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Lady Burdett Coutts has given $1,000 to the heritage Lodge for Darkies, here.

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Ira D Sankey's cottage at Cohasset, Mass., was entered on the 4th inst, and property to the value of $100 was stolen.

Nine tenths of the sickness at the seaside this year is caused by eating oysters. The bivalves are "in the mild" at present.

Twenty five of the friends and admirers of Rev. T. L. Holland, residing in Sunderland, Mass., have organized a "Holland Club."

The unsettled estate of Paul Beck, Jr., comes up in about one million dollars, and that of John A. Brown is about half that sum.

Admiral Constantine Canaris, President of the new Greek cabinet ranks with such aged and able statesmen as Thiers and Guizot. He counts 82 years.

The Petersburg, Va., people claim to have a pocket piece of the Rock of Ages from President Jones. They are longing for an agricultural fair at which to locate it.

Dr. Longfellow, the poet, it is said cannot be allured into making an after-dinner speech. This remark is submitted to him. "I wouldn't touch it with a ten foot pole," he recently said.

The unveiling of the statue to Richard Cobden in the Royal Exchange at Bradford England, took place on the 13th inst. Mr. John Bright will perform the ceremony.

Statues of John Bright, Mr. Gladstone and the Hon. C. P. Villiers will be placed in the Town Hall at Manchester, England, through the liberality of a few gentlemen of that city.

The pioneer of Methodism in Eastern Connecticut is Elder D. N. Jenkins, of Norwich. He is ninety two years old, and attends regularly at the church to which he has belonged for nearly years.

The health of Minister Washburne's wife has never been good during their residence in Paris. She is suffering from a affection of the throat. The family leaves for Carlsbad soon to try the waters.

The New England spiritualists are to have a camp meeting at Lake Pleasant, Mass., next week. It is announced that among those who are to speak on the occasion is Mrs. Thayer, the Flower Medium.

The coming fall promises to afford several excellent lectures. Mr. Pollock, of Boston, has a remarkable catalogue on which Mr. Philes is at work, another collection, especially rich in American and Indian relics, which will inspect the Mexico Library, will also come under the hammer.

Mr. Robert Burdett, the Burlington Hawkeye says, is a man who is famous for his knowledge of the invalid cure as he is for his funny paragraphs. He has been her name for years, doing his work during the night and publishing The Hawkeye office only for an hour or two in the day.

A distinguished Quaker wedding is reported in the English newspapers. The bride was Miss Lilias Ashworth, a niece of the Rt. Hon. John Bright, to Mr. T. G. P. Hallett, of Bristol. The bride is a Quakeress, the groom a Churchman, but the marriage took place at the Friends Meeting-house. Both Bush John and Jacob Bright were present. The former conducted the bride, and upon his arrival was loudly cheered by a great crowd. The service was strictly in accordance with the discipline of Friends. Afterwards there was a wedding breakfast, at which Friend John Bright proposed the health of the happy pair.

HOME CULTURE.

IV.

TITLE PAGE

OF

SELF-TRAINING;

A COMPANION TO THE

"YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND,"

Compiled to Suit Life in America,

BY

MRS. H. O. WARD.

"Virility is a desire to receive virility, and to be an object of desire." Emerson. "Be ye as Rockefeller ouch."

"Nothing is more shameful than a voluntary radicness. * * * * Men have found it necessary so to legislate as to unite for the common good; they have made laws to restrain the wicked, they have agreed to protect themselves as to the life of safety and have annexed an honorable character to the practice of virtue. He is the honest man that observes them with the most exactness and the instances of them multiply in perfection." The Spectator, April 1711 of a person's house. "Marchioness de Lambert.

"Only the well-trained can appreciate the requirements of good breeding. Those of true culture cannot do it." "Birth and Education."

We suppose the practical mode of teaching, Nicholas Nickleby. When a boy is out of order, he is licked and then it. This is our system. What do you think of it?" "Nicholas Nickleby."

INTRODUCTION.

An Essay on unsettled Points of etiquette published in Lippincott's Magazine, March, 1873, first called the attention of the compiler of this work to the existing need of such a work as she now offers to the public. In no way does she hold herself responsible for the views put forth in that essay, but the compilation from the best authorities upon the cultivation of good manners, selected and arranged as will be found in this work, is the result of the special requirements of society in America, and intended as a companion to the edition of 1873 of "The Young Lady's Friend," which excellent work does not profess to take up in detail the various rules that govern intercourse in modern society, although containing their important principles as a basis for use.

The compiler is well aware that it is customary upon introducing any work to the public professedly treating upon an improvement in manners, to apologize for the "presumption" of such attempt and such apology necessary. "Society has its grammar as language has, and the rules of that grammar it behooves us to know, if we would not be ungrammatical in manners. It is a thing to be acquired or taught, since it depends upon the friendship or bringing up. Some people who have been well brought up, need no apologies for efforts made in behalf of others who are not equally well bred and so the habit of a good gentlemanly or polite sense is continually changing (or rather)the modes of showing politeness are continually changing, for the principle remains the same at all times and in all places; most certainly no one will be found among the class of persons we refer to, who will not be willing to subject to the revision of old rules, or the setting forth of the accepted code of manners for the present day. The author is right in relation to "the old-fashioned" and certainly those families where good breeding has been disregarded in childhood and youth, where the rules and articles of verta generally, should be without it. It is in one volume, 12mo, illustrated, 100 pages. The type is large and clear, the quality of paper good, and the binding flexible cloth. Price, $1.00 a copy.

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Admiral Constantine Canaris, President of the new Greek cabinet ranks with such aged and able statesmen as Thiers and Guizot. He counts 82 years.

The Petersburg, Va., people claim to have a pocket piece of the Rock of Ages from President Jones. They are longing for an agricultural fair at which to locate it.

Dr. Longfellow, the poet, it is said cannot be allured into making an after-dinner speech. This remark is submitted to him. "I wouldn't touch it with a ten foot pole," he recently said.

The unveiling of the statue to Richard Cobden in the Royal Exchange at Bradford England, took place on the 13th inst. Mr. John Bright will perform the ceremony.

Statues of John Bright, Mr. Gladstone and the Hon. C. P. Villiers will be placed in the Town Hall at Manchester, England, through the liberality of a few gentlemen of that city.

The pioneer of Methodism in Eastern Connecticut is Elder D. N. Jenkins, of Norwich. He is ninety two years old, and attends regularly at the church to which he has belonged for nearly years.

The health of Minister Washburne's wife has never been good during their residence in Paris. She is suffering from a affection of the throat. The family leaves for Carlsbad soon to try the waters.

The New England spiritualists are to have a camp meeting at Lake Pleasant, Mass., next week. It is announced that among those who are to speak on the occasion is Mrs. Thayer, the Flower Medium.

The coming fall promises to afford several excellent lectures. Mr. Pollock, of Boston, has a remarkable catalogue on which Mr. Philes is at work, another collection, especially rich in American and Indian relics, which will inspect the Mexico Library, will also come under the hammer.

Mr. Robert Burdett, the Burlington Hawkeye says, is a man who is famous for his knowledge of the invalid cure as he is for his funny paragraphs. He has been her name for years, doing his work during the night and publishing The Hawkeye office only for an hour or two in the day.

A distinguished Quaker wedding is reported in the English newspapers. The bride was Miss Lilias Ashworth, a niece of the Rt. Hon. John Bright, to Mr. T. G. P. Hallett, of Bristol. The bride is a Quakeress, the groom a Churchman, but the marriage took place at the Friends Meeting-house. Both Bush John and Jacob Bright were present. The former conducted the bride, and upon his arrival was loudly cheered by a great crowd. The service was strictly in accordance with the discipline of Friends. Afterwards there was a wedding breakfast, at which Friend John Bright proposed the health of the happy pair.

LETTER FROM NEWPORT.

Editor Saturday Evening Post.

NEWPORT, July 9, 1877.

A great change has taken place here during the past week on the avenue in the manner of equipages seen. On yesterday there four to six hands were out, together with tandem teams, dog carts, T-carts, Landaus, Victorias and pheatons, innumerable. One of these four to six hands was that of Professor Rogers of your city, known as well for his scholarly attainments as for his skill as a "whip." Several Philadelphia families are here, also Count and Countess Pecorne de Beinbach, who is married to a Philadelphian lady, daughter of Harry McCall, Esq. Count and Countess de Beinbach remain for some time this month, after a visit of over a year to our country. The Count's family have established such in France as to be intimated, but are originally from Austria. Every one sojourning at Nice is familiar with their two charming villas in that much frequented resort. Here, he is the guest of Mrs. Dr. Weir Mitchell, in her "cottage by the sea." Newport seems to be a favorite resort for Philadelphians this summer. Quite a number, newly arrived, appeared on the avenue for the first time on Saturday, among whom were many who were almost an ovation in the way of cordial greetings, from those who recognized him, as their carriage whirled past each other. Mr. Dupont's recent almost miraculous escape from death, falling from a railway train, has not only shown him what warmly attached friends he has, but made evident to all who know the noble work that he is engaged in in his native city, that "to him who has work to do, time will be given in which to do it."

There is quite a charming literary circle here, among the winter residents in Cal. ———, the scholarly writer, and a true nobleman, of the order that is created by nobility of soul and culture. He is also here, having narrated to us, ere it were given to the public, men will say that the wealth which he will take with him, when he leaves this world, is of far more value than if he had been made a ruler over many cities, and the possessor of untold riches while here. "Fortune, learning, reputation, and beauty, which he had in the in the region of material things; but character, the spiritual substance of our being, abides with us forever."

Another literary resident, whose activity of mind and energy of character make her one of the leading spirits of her circle, is Mrs. Dr. Wheeler, the authoress of numerous gracefully written poems, and of the successful drama—"A Cup of Tea," by the way, one of the best ever played in private circles. Her "Sketches" in relation to strictly a place with a forked limb, the fork beside it, he fell forward on the animal, which, before he could kill it, bore him off in triumph. The knife in the deepest, on the neck near the spine, and others on the arm and left hand. The wound in the thigh, though severe, was not dangerous, and in about six weeks' time they were entirely healed. A very remarkable circumstance is that the wounds have not become inflamed, however, as is usual in such cases, but have healed by the first intention. The patient is now walking about on crutches, and is in excellent health and spirits. The operation was performed by Dr. Hamilton, assisted by Drs. Bache, Bodine, Hamilton, Jr., and Mr. Wm. Hamilton.

ATLANTIC CITY.

U. S. HOTEL, ATLANTIC CITY, July 7.

When Euripides said of woman that her place was to sit at home and converse, which in American dialect means gossip, he must have known very little of her composition. A creature full of aspiration and outbreaking after information, pleasure and the infinite attracts us when we behold her, and when she cannot sit at home and converse, unless she has been born without the higher instincts which belong to her sex, or has had them crushed out by the unjust kind of life. Could old Euripides come out of his classical tomb, throw a mantle of obscurity around him, and wander through the fashionable hotels he would be conscious of the changes which have been wrought through the culture and advancement of women. Dull, indeed, would be existence at the sea side if the eye could rest on naught save the unpicturesque garb of the female bathers. Even one gone graceful ladies are the centre of attraction, their beautiful costumes and animated conversation is a charm to the lonely visitor. Sometimes I wander with the gallantry due from my sex, I should include them all in this favorable mention. The world would be happier if it could. But when a girl grows up without education, expanding in a day from a child to a woman, what can be expected of her? Verily, nothing, except that she be able to talk of in books with a false pronunciation, use pluralities where one is correct, and act inconsistently when a gentleman tells her that she is fairer than the Nairads, if they are an old Philadelphia family. I drew a Panama close over my eyes, and concluded to enjoy such society from afar but the lyrical smile, which graves Ladies' Mile, and the long line of bright ladies from my lips when I hear a lady in the same group express herself clearly upon practical affairs, and in any capacity in the real world. Those are the charming creatures, anyhow. Would we were half so good.

The "Fourth" passed off quietly here, the ordinance against shooting fire-crackers, be ing strictly enforced, much to the amusement of boys. To a young scion of our Republic who can't show his patriotism by delivering a two pound cannon ball against the side of a house, or a cigar over a glycerine can, it must, indeed, cause bitter regret not to be allowed to show his enthusiasm in the usual manner. The day was celebrated by the excursion at the Excursion House at about nine o'clock, and proceeded at once to enjoy the day in this a new exciting to some and refreshing to all manner. They had no sooner reached the hotel, many of them commenced dancing with dervish like activity. Others patronized the swings or treated their stomachs to ice cream and cake. Some were provided with bathers, their shouts of laughter mingling with the sound of the waves.

Many of the business were working girls, who through weary weeks of dust and fatigue, had anticipated this day and young men representing all kinds of trades, who had been confined closely and refined, and I could but think what creatures of circumstance we all are, and of how different many could have been, had the proper influence on the man's mind of the struggles with the cat. Dr. Pollock, however, who has had many years experience in the hospitals of the northern part of the State, thinks differently regarding it, though he is not fully determined as to the cause, but thinks it principally from idleness due to the cat bite. Neither the man himself nor any of his family had ever been subject to epilepsy, and the only cases of the kind he had ever heard of were in the families of those of hydrophobia are observable. It is the doctor's opinion that the man's bite during the excitement of the struggle with the animal in the cat bite, and in consequence the greatest care is maintained over the patient. The dressing of the wounds is done every day, and is constantly growing worse, and, from the description of them which we have received from the nurse, the snarling, mapping, cat-eyed beast is no horrible a sight at the records of the varied forms of insanity can present.

A Terror about Woodbury Dell.

It was before Justice Cook, of Reynolds Island, that Tommy Woods was summoned as a juror to try a case where a woman was charged with theft. The lawyers, as usual, questioned the juryman one after the other as to their eligibility, and getting satisfactory answers to them until they came to Tommy. He was asked among other questions, the following: "In a case where a man and a woman were on the witness stand, and you found them in error at the time, would you feel biased in favor of either?" "Most certainly I would," was the prompt; well, which would you be in favor of?" "The woman, of course," said Tommy. "Then" in Mr. Woods; your's excused," exclaimed the prosecuting attorney.

POISONED BY A WILD-CAT.

A Man in Coldbrook who has odd circumstances of a Catamount.

The San Francisco Post of June 27, says: The peculiar power which crazy canines possess of inflicting human beings with a like disorder is a simple insertion of their tooth into any part of the human body which may come handy. It has long been a source of uneasiness to many who have crossed against Spitz dog throughout the East, and the circumstances with which it has been carried on, well expedites the estimation in which this power is held. Cases of hydrophobia, we believe, have been credited with any such circumstance evident ability, but a case now existing at San Quentin Prison is a most puzzling one to the medical men who have examined it, seems to indicate that the bite of a mad cat under certain circumstances will produce similar symptoms to a mad dog.

On the 3d of January last there was received at the prison a young man named Charles Thomasson, sentenced to seven years' imprisonment for the plebeian crime of stealing hogs in Sukiyou County. He was a stalwart, healthy, powerful young fellow, some one hundred and sixty pounds, and appeared to be in the best health. He was gentle in his manner, bright, quiet, and seemed to like them that he was not one of your common convicts. He was employed in the prison garden on the night of his arrival, and nearly soaring in attendants out of their seven months.

On the 5th he had a previous history showed that three years ago, while herding sheep in Siskiyou, he had attempted to take a young wild-cat from its mother, and, in fighting the wildcat and panther, from a steel trap in which it was caught. The cub of course was in a place with a forked limb, the fork beside it, he fell forward on the animal, which, before he could kill it, bore him off in triumph. The knife in the deepest, on the neck near the spine, and others on the arm and left hand. The wound in the thigh, though severe, was not dangerous, and in about six weeks' time they were entirely healed. A very remarkable circumstance is that the wounds have not become inflamed, however, as is usual in such cases, but have healed by the first intention. The patient is now walking about on crutches, and is in excellent health and spirits. The operation was performed by Dr. Hamilton, assisted by Drs. Bache, Bodine, Hamilton, Jr., and Mr. Wm. Hamilton.

On Sunday the avenue is given up to pedestrians. The cottagers stroll along the "Cliffs," on one side of the avenue or bay, on the other, and the grounds of the various villas that border the coast—the lawns stretching down to the ledges of rock that overlook the harbor below. Here the daintiness is rather much in its element than this rough land of Newport. The weather is a little too cool here had to-day as yet.

NEMO.

ATLANTIC CITY.

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"HE KNOWS."

Where the sun, soliant,
Lights the English shore
And a sea-line bound
To the headstone o'er,

By a little grave
Inside a hill of stone,
Where the wild-flowers blow,
He knows," carved stone.

And the scarlet grave,
By the ocean's roar,
Of a shipwreck tells
In the by-gone year.

How those lights shone
Gave the hungry sea,
To the friendly earth,
Gave it grudgingly.

How the grasping hands
Of the wreckers bore,
With a treacherous care,
The small freight ashore.

How they made a grave
Where the grass was green,
And the tombstone
Where the lights had been.

When they laid it low
In its grassy bed,
"What name on the stone?"
Then the spokesman said.

The old section turned,
As he answered low,
"What name?—He knows."
And they grieved it so.

* * * * *

Ah! the kennel small
Over land and sea
Like an ear that notices
Through the dark to me.

Through the stormy day,
Through the frantic woes,
Like a silver chime
Sweet and low—He knows.

WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH HIM?

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

Author of "Women's Use," "Whose from the Grave," "Redeemed of Which," etc.

The story was commenced in **No. 40**, Vol. 56. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXXIII.
PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

Castleton Vane and his companions now moved as swiftly away from the Indian encampment as darkness would allow, and ere they had advanced more than a score of yards, Vane had brushed his shins waves than once against the trunks of unseen trees.

Their ears were also attentively in the direction from whence they had come, but no sound indicated that their absence had as yet been discovered. Indeed, it was quite evident that the mistake which Vane and Whitfield were, on the present occasion, drowned in wine and sleep, in which condition they were likely to remain for several hours still; and the unusual quietness immediately succeeded the importance of hurrying forward as fast as their feet would carry them while they still had the start of their unconscious foes.

"If we are to go on at this rate we might as well turn back at once and arouse the Indians, to tell them what we have been up to," said Perry in despair, "for they will certainly discover our absence, and overtake us before we have progressed a mile."

There was a halt of a few seconds, and York placed himself in front instead of abreast.

"It will be better for me to lead the way," said Castleton's soft hand in his own horny clasp. "I'll go front. I'm like de owl, I see in de dark. You gib tudder gen'lemen your tudder hand, and we gib along. I know a few Injun tricks as may gib 'em de dodge, see if I don't."

The two men speedily arranged themselves behind him as desired, and found themselves proceeding this order and style, through the woods with tenfold swiftness.

York had sagaciously provided himself with a long stick, which he held out in front of him, and with this means kept himself and his party clear of the trees and other obstacles.

No one had spoken for an hour or more when Vane felt Perry lighten on his cloak and give a violent lunge forward as though he had struck his foot violently against a stone or some other hard obstacle. He was about to give utterance to an exclamation more vehement than polite, when a terrible growl filled the woods and made them shiver with affright.

"Good God!" cried Vane. "it is a bear!"

They had scarcely sprung forward several steps on the spot of the monster, just as the infuriated wild beast was rising to her feet.

At the same instant York had given them a violent propelling motion forward.

"Run! run!" he shouted. "I manage dis here wid my tomahawk. Hi, run." At the same moment, he himself sprang behind a large tree posted at hand.

Neither Perry nor Vane, who were a yard or so in advance could see him; and were consequently in ignorance of the poor negro's perilous position, for the bear had scented him as nearest and had given a leaping for him, missing his leg by a hair's breadth, and clinching the back of the tree instead with his teeth.

Swift as lightning York now turned, and dealt the furious creature a terrible blow upon the head, but the animal was only staggered for a while, and came on with another bound. This time the bear clutched the ragged bootleg of the negro, who gave a frightful cry, but at the same time let the tomahawk fall, this time edgewise with all his might; a might sufficient to do most efficacious work, for the blade of the axe clove the skull of the bear who dropped to the earth in a terrible struggle, and now it was only the work of a few moments for York to dispatch him with blows. "Are you hurt?" Vane eagerly called Whitfield, hearing the negro utter some exclamation, and finding that the sharp conflict had ceased.

"No, sar," chuckled York, coming forward. "Only a scratch under my head, dat which I gits worse every day. She'll do for the Injuns if they comes along and finds her."

"I question if we don't wish for her before the game is ended," said Perry, gloomily. "We will either starve, or the Indians must overtake us.

As long as there is life, there is hope," replied Vane, cheerfully. "Only let us press on.

"Dat's so," put in York, exclaiming, "and find dat bar soon in de mornin', and dey know I kill it. Den dey track us. We must press on."

"Don't you think they will separate and fill the woods?" asked Vane.

"Yes, sar. Only thing we do, git ahead of 'em," and he pushed forward anxiously.

They did not speak again for some time, and in the silence the spirits of the two white men took to a painful ebb. Once again terror and despondency took possession of them. They reflected on all the horrors of their imprisonment for the last two weeks—upon the untold miseries which they had endured, and the dreadful fate which would now be inevitable for them all, should they again fall into the hands of their cruel captors, enraged as they would be by the death of Mad Charley.

Swallowed by these thoughts, they solemnly and deliberately resolved to resist with all their feeble force, and to perish rather than be captured by them again.

As they still pressed on with weary feet and difficult respiration, for the first faint glimmerings of the dawn were beginning to appear in the east—they began to discover signs of the route by which they had come on the previous day, and soon after came upon the camp ground of the night preceding.

Vane was of the opinion that they had traversed some twelve or fourteen miles during the past day, and that they then perhaps had nearly two leagues the start of the savages, should they attempt to pursue them, which he did not doubt they would do, with direful thoughts of vengeance, as soon as their absence should be discovered.

"Let us still press on," said Castleton, nervously, as both York and his companion showed a disposition to halt. "They are doubtless on the trail already, and our lives must inevitably pay the forfeit, should they overtake us."

"They no catch us," said the negro. "We lodge 'em, sure as I'm a livin' nigger."

"Let us go, then," cried Perry.

"Hi! hi! look at this!" he exclaimed joyfully, picking up a small bundle of something from the ground, "here bear's meat enough for last us all day. We eat some now. We no starve."

Vane, in his anxiety, would still have insisted on pushing forward, had not Perry now interposed.

"We are already weary and foot-sore," he said, "and must have something to eat. Let us rest for five or ten minutes and break our fast, and we may then push forward with fresh vigor. I know of their encampment here, and we will do more effective work in this way."

Vane saw that it was useless to demur, and besides he was beginning to feel a kindred emptiness at his stomach that was by no means pleasant. The three then sat down on the trunk of a tree, which had been felled by the negro in order to make of their encampment here, and prepared to partake of a hasty repast.

The bear's meat appeared to be exceedingly dry, and as none of the party was possessed of a knife, they were now apprehensive of having to tear off small strips by turns with their teeth, when York sprang up.

"Gib me de meat, me cut it." And seizing the tomahawk which he had brought along with him he scrubbed the blade, that had been reaking with the blood of the Indian whom he had slain, with several handfuls of leaves, and then began cutting it deftly upon his knee into collops, and laid the meat upon the end of the log, and cut off three slices almost before they knew what he was about.

"Good heavens, the stomach of an ostrich could not stand that," said Vane, with loathing. I have eaten unclean beasts already until I am sick; but the gore of a savage is beyond the power of human digestion."

"Ah," said Perry, a little contemptuously. "Your stomach is as easily turned as that of a woman out of appetite. Give me one slice, York and you can take another; then give the other gentleman his share, for he can eat off the opposite side with his teeth."

To this proposition Vane readily assented; and while the other two were chewing their portions with evident gusto, he was seen tearing off long strips with his teeth from the dryer side, and swallowing it very much as a sick man does a pill. When they had been occupied for some six or minutes he rose to to his feet.

"Festina lente' may be a wise motto generally," he said. "But in this case I must file an exception. It seems to me that I can already hear the shouts of those demons, as they arouse each other with cries of alarm and starting off in pursuit of us. As we love our lives let us press on."

Perry and York had likewise refreshed themselves now, and seemed by no means loth to follow this advice; the negro only stopping to pick up the meat which Castleton had laid aside.

"What are you going to do with that?" asked the latter.

"Take along, I hope," put in Matt Perry, emphatically. "If we keep out of the hands of those devils long enough we may want some supper, or at least some breakfast to-morrow morning, when we'll not find it lying before us as we did this morning. Our manna may fall short."

"Dat's it, massa," grinned York. "You's been long here like afore. You knows sometim' 'bout de rainy day, and parin' for it while de sun shine."

"Give a negro half a chance and you may swear your head but he'll preach a sermon, even if he has committed a murder in the last six hours," said Perry. "But we'll excuse your homely ethics if you'll show us the way, my friend."

Vane was somewhat indignant at the nature of this retort, remembering as he did that they themselves, but especially Perry, had been saved from the cruelest death only through the skilful management of the latter, who had been compelled to take the life of their cruel keeper in order to secure their escape, but he said nothing, and the three plunged again into the pathless forest.

"Which way you want to go, massa?" asked York, after an hour or so of further travel. "What plants ob de kompus? To Meyreix Kopy?"

"No," said Vane, smiling. "I for one must go back as soon as possible to the point at which I was first captured. I shall never rest until I find the companion who were there separated from me. No hope can come to me until they are discovered."

"Was de 'ole 'an your maulder?" asked York.

"No," answered Castleton, with a thoughtful look, "but they were under my charge, and I was sworn to protect them."

Poor, stupid negro, as York was, he remembered the pretty girl, and shook his head with sundry grave airs at the heart of the young men. In his dull way he was thinking that the chance of finding them would be a poor one, but he said nothing upon that subject.

"Dey mighty cute to git away for a while," he said presently; his white eyes crossed as if in thought. "If dey follow us, we cheat 'em."

"Do you think they will follow us far?" asked Vane, "especially as they are so near home?"

"Bless you, massa, yes," answered York. "Dey be no proud to go home without a white man. And won't dey hum string dis nigger if dey cotch us?"

"But we must not let them catch us," said Vane again. "I myself am resolved to sell my life as dearly as possible, for I will never be taken alive. You have been here before, York?"

"Yes, massa."

"Then," said Vane, turning and facing him suddenly, "You must indeed help us to dodge them, or if you see them gaining hopelessly upon us, I wish you to take my life quickly, as you did that of poor Mad Charley with your tomahawk. I would at least be spared their fiendish tortures."

The negro looked at him in stupid amazement, wondering if any one would have courage enough to meet death of their own accord, rather than have it forced upon them; and convinced at last of the sincerity of the other he moved on in silence, feeling truly humble from the conviction that there was so much in this world that he could not understand.

It was perhaps an hour or so past noon when Perry again declared that he felt the ravages of hunger, and proposed a halt for the purpose of refreshing themselves.

"Better wait till night for de meat," put in York. "Dis not last all de way. We have no gun nor rifle to kill more, and de tomahawk no do much. Den you hab muffin."

Perry bade him rather sternly "be still for a stupid fool," and produce the meat. The negro was about to obey, when he picked up his cap suddenly—

"What dat?"

The two white men lent their ears attentively for a moment, but could discern nothing, while, in another instant, York's eyes had assumed the dimensions of saucers.

"Mass, fore God, they comin'"

His tone of terror was genuine. The two men sprang up.

"Where?" they asked.

"Listen, mass."

We have listened and hear nothing."

The negro got down and put his ear to the ground.

"It is dem á——a Injuns as sure as we are all going to be flayed alive," he said.

"In what direction?" asked the two white men breathlessly, imitating his listening example.

"From behind us. Right on de track."

Still our hero and his companion could hear nothing.

"You are mistaken," said Perry, "it is the wind; or a trembling in the distant mountains. How could they have traveled so much faster than we?"

"Dey wake up too soon," continued the negro, trembling; and then added, with increasing excitement. "No, by Gosh, dey be on de Mustang ponies. Let us git, mass, for de lub of heaven, and God be praised if dey do not grab us."

The three set off at a brisk trot; and the whites were soon convinced that the negro was right.

They were pursued with a speed that threatened to bear down on them speedily, without delay.

CHAPTER XXXIV.
THE REPRIEVE.

"Who in the —— can it be?" exclaimed Whitfield again, frowning darkly as he made his way towards the door. "If it be any unwelcome intruder, he had better be asking admission at once into another world."

"It is the Captin's whistle," repeated one of the men.

Yes, but even he could not be back here by this time, unless he brings some terrible disaster behind him. And then," he muttered darkly, "why then each one of us must look out for his own life."

His boots echoed as though they were iron clad through the corridor out on the veranda, and down the tiselated walk toward the great gate; the body of his retainers following with curiosity and alarm.

"Here, Shepperd, Westbrook, Fenton!" he called lustily, "where are you lazy devils of wardens. Demand the signal before ever a bolt is drawn. And if foul play is intended, the devil shall run away with their hides."

In obedience to this previous call of the subchief, two men sprang out and advanced before him to the gate.

"Who demands admittance?" asked the foremost fellow, in a surly tone.

"One who has as much right to be within as yourself," was the prompt reply.

"That answer won't serve ye, my friend"

"Aye, but by blazes you wont possess anything long, if you don't let me in and let me deliver my message."

"Who are you?" obstinately demanded the keeper of the gate.

"Fool!" cried the voice outside. "What business is that of yours? I bear a message to William Whitfield."

"From whom?"

"From one, miscreant, who is not accustomed to such messengers parley long at his own gate; from our brave captain, Malvern Cushing."

"And what may be your name?"

"Pryor Amos. He seems to have the advantage of you, Ned Westbrook, and knows you."

"Come, open the gate speedily, Ned," said a second voice outside. "Amos bears, he says, an important written message to Lieutenant Whitfield, and we are all friends."

"Is that you, Mark Jones?" again questioned Westbrook in considerable surprise. "I thought you were in the barracks sick. How came you out there?"

"I went out early this evening for a ride," was the answer, "while the rest of you were napping, and feeling better at first, I went on further than I had intended, when I found that I had taxed my strength too far and had to get down at a hut by the wayside and rest. It was there Pryor Amos came up with me and bruised me on, for I am scarcely able to sit in my saddle."

"And you are delaying a message for which you may be degraded from gatekeeper to scalawag, for a year," cried Amos. "I tell ye, friend, my master and yours hain' me spare horse-flesh nor human until I had placed my charge in the hands of Lieutenant Whitfield."

"Open, Westbrook in God's name," cried Whitfield himself, in a fierce rage at this time, "and let us know what weighty matter brings this courier in such haste, in the dead of night to our door; and if his errand justify not the importunity with which he has disturbed us, why he had better be thundering at the gates of Erebus."

The men inside sprang forward at the bidding, and the two who were on the bars bore that held the iron gates in place, then they swung back, and the two men, Pryor Amos and Mark Jones rode side by side into the enclosure as soon as space appearing they swung themselves to the ground.

"Come," said Whitfield sternly. "Your message, friend, let me know what fiend must be in pursuit of us all, that you should come, thus on the wings of the wind to inform us?"

"One moment, commandent," said Amos with dignity, "I am the bearer of sundry documents, and you might mistake here, we will reach the light, if you please."

Whitfield seemed to be hesitating a moment whether he could not kick the fellow for his insolence, with his heavy boots, as he walked on before him; but the worst thought passed in a moment, when seeming to conclude that discretion was the better part of valor he walked quickly and quietly back toward the house, and then turned into the lighted hall waived his hand to the messenger to follow, and led the way to a small private council room, rarely entered by any save Malvern Cushing himself.

"Now then, you have no further excuse," said Whitfield facing him angrily, "the message."

Amos walked boldly up under the suspended lamp that was shining, and drew a sealed paper from his pocket.

"I was the bearer of a message also, lieutenant?"

"What was it?"

"To repeat the motto of our order, 'Disobedience is Death.'"

"There is small need of that to me, sir," he said, snatching the paper with a written request. "It is an order, lieutenant."

For one instant there was murder in the eye of the sub-chief; and never, perhaps, in days of peace had the stern threatenings of a violated law, had Prior Amos been in so great danger; but he stood his ground boldly and delivered the paper with a bow into the hands of the former.

For the first time in his life, perhaps too, the brawny arm of Whitfield trembled as he reached out to receive it, and caught the glance of the new comer fastened steadfastly upon him.

"You can retire," said Chesterfield, in a hoarse voice, "I prefer to be left alone."

York

A SENSIBLE NOVEL.

VOL. I.

A winning wile,
A sunny smile,
A feather;
A tiny walk,
A pleasant walk,
Together!

VOL. II.

A little doubt,
A playful pout,
Capricious;
A merry miss,
A stolen kiss,
Delicious!!

VOL. III.

You ask mamma,
Consult papa,
With pleasure;
And both repent
This rash event
At leisure!!!

For Love's Sake Only.

By the Author of "His Own Fault," "How Stella Lost Her Chance," "Katherine's Mistake," &c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

A dull breakfast-room in a London house, a coal fire smouldering in the bronze grate—though it is only the fourteenth of October,—breakfast laid, and a very stout, elderly lady seated before the urn, reading the morning paper. Lady Staines moved in very high circles; but she has the figure, complexion, and features of an Irish apple-woman.

The rustling of the paper, the smouldering of the fire, the steaming of the urn, have it all their own way for a long time. Then the door opens and Lady Staines drops her spectacles to look at the new-comer, a young girl.

"Late again, Rosamond."

"Late, Aunt Muriel? Is it late?" said the young girl with a yawning glance at the little French clock.

"Very late, even allowing for late hours last night. Ring for the eggs."

"Any letters for me?" asks the younger woman, with another yawning glance at the table.

"One—from your brother Hugh, I fancy. You write such a queer hand, both of you, all slanting the wrong way. I don't like it."

"Sorry to hear it, Aunt Muriel. But I'm afraid we're both too old to change our handwriting now. Let me see what Hugh has to say for himself."

Rosamond Carlisle opens the large square envelope crested in dark blue. She masters its contents in two moments.

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know where to begin. If you will point out to me what to do, I am not above digging and hoeing. But I must be off. Good-bye till six, dear, and don't do too much at the first start. You'll find some things in the larder—they are always sending me things I can't get cooked—but I'm afraid most of them are past using. However all I want is a cup of tea—I had all sorts of things up at Lynn Royal—and, if you can get anything eatable for yourself, that is the chief consideration. I know there is a pie of some kind, but I don't think it is baked yet. However I suppose you'll be able to find out."

She watches him down the road, and then she goes in and shuts the green door after her. This is a perfectly novel experience, and she enjoys it thoroughly. But she would also have thoroughly enjoyed a good cup of tea and a fire, for the autumn evening, though bright, is cold. She does not stay now to explore the quaint garden—she runs up stairs and changes her dress.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LOVE UNDER A MASK.

A SPANISH TALE.

BY FANNIE A. STALL ALDEN.

There was a mask ball at the palace Honorre, in Madrid. Gay maskers wandered through the long parlors or glided in the mazy windings of the dance. Princes and swarthy Arabs of the desert, peasant and duchesses, scarlet-robed cardinals and harlequins mingled in harmony and evident enjoyment.

The conservatories presented a brilliant scene with their swinging lamps of many colored hues. Orange and magnolia trees in full bloom and knots of maskers in rich costumes.

A slender masker disguised as a flower girl, with a pair of bright eyes showing through the holes of the mask, had disposed of her last bunch of gold and purple pansies, murmured her thanks when by some chance the silver coin she had received in payment for her flowers, slipped from her fingers and rolled under one of the long iron settees beyond her reach. A masker in the guise of a knight gallantly came to her assistance as she stooped to recover the money, and in the search the string of the young girl's mask broke, disclosing a face of dazzling beauty. While she was hurriedly striving to repair the mischief, the stranger-knight in order to obtain a fairer view of her features, tore his mask off. The two young people were in a retired part of the conservatory, and after the first confusion was over our blushing heroine suffered the knight to lead her to a seat and engage her in conversation. They were naturally delighted with each other, and heeded not the flight of time until a sound of carriage wheels warned them of the lateness of the hour.

"I have been very imprudent, I fear," murmured the lady, as her companion retied her mask and replaced his own.

"Pray, say not so, fair senorita. There can be no imprudence in a couple of hours' merry conversation, especially when one of the party is learning the sweet lesson of love. Nay! Why those blushes, sweet one? Let no doubt of me disturb thy gentle breast, I would not harm thee."

"Hush! Thou canst not know. Hush! senor, and pity me!"

"Pity thee?" exclaimed the knight in surprise. "I cannot imagine thee an object for pity. Thou art beautiful and noble and—thou art beloved! What more is needed?"

The young Senorita burst into tears. She did not speak.

"Senorita, may I not humbly sue for favor? I too need pity—need thy love!" And the handsome Spaniard caught her hand and pressed it to his heart.

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ments provided by fond parental care, and shrouded in a rich and elegant veil, the young girl was led to the altar by the doting father, feeling very much like a lamb led to the slaughter.

The bridegroom entered with his attendants. He was quite pale, and if one might judge from his expression, looked upon his marriage at the gateway to anything but happiness. He did not even attempt to pierce with his fine dark eyes, the heavy folds of lace that concealed the features of his bride. She in turn kept her eyes fastened upon the carpet, and the pair managed to get through the ceremony without seeing each other's faces.

After the Holy Man had pronounced his blessing, the bride and groom silently received the congratulations of their friends, and then Donna Inez, escaping from the crowded room in all her bridal finery, sought solitude in the winter garden. Seated by a fountain that threw its cooling spray of perfumed waters into her sweet, flushed face, the young bride folded her hands in mute agony.

A footstep startled her. She looked up, and with a cry sprang to her feet. The stranger knight of the mask ball stood before her, with white face and wide open eyes.

"Why, oh, why! art thou here? Did I not tell thee before that I was betrothed? And now I am married."

"To whom?" faintly murmured the knight.

"Don Alron Di Castelia."

"Great heavens! Art thou Donna Inez Von Amburg?"

"The same."

"My wife, my beloved wife!" and they flew in each other's arms.

CURIOSITIES OF BEES.

Wonderful stories concerning the production of bees were current in ancient times. Some thought that bees gathered their young off the leaves of trees, or from the flowers of the honeywort, the reed or the olive. Pliny speaks of them as sitting on their eggs like hens. It was a very general opinion that bees were produced from the putrid bodies of cattle. Virgil gives a recipe for the purpose with the greatest gravity. All will remember the story of Samson and the honey he took from the slain lion in the vineyard of Timnath. Naturally Shakespeare remembered this fact:

'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb in the dead carrion.—Henry IV.

The truth of such stories is that occasionally the bee lays its eggs in such carcasses, trusting that the warmth engendered by decomposition will hatch them. There were enthusiastic bee-keepers in the old times, as at present. Aristomachus did nothing else but attend to bees for fifty-eight years. Another amateur was surnamed "The Wild," from his dwelling in the desert in order to superintend his favorites. The habits of bees are indeed wonderful, even if we refuse to credit the ancient legend of their taking up stones to ballast themselves in their flight during high winds, or lying on their backs when belated to protect their wings from the dew. I have myself seen a pair of bees employed at the entrance to the hive in creating a vigorous draught by perpetually moving their wings, in order to ventilate the hive. Few people are aware how heated the atmosphere of a hive becomes in hot weather.

Besides honey wax is a regular constituent of a bee hive. This is a secretion from the bodies of the bees, though it is hard to explode the ancient and modern fables concerning it by one stroke of the pen. A substance termed "propolis" is also found in hives. It is a kind of rosin used by the little artisans to fasten up the chinks in their combs or hives. Bee-bread (the pollen of flowers) is also carried in, to serve as food for the maggots when the eggs are hatched. Comb, according to an old tradition, has been seen in Germany 8 feet long. Other articles of popular belief respecting bees in ancient days were that, morning and evening, like a camp in time of war, sentinels were fixed over the commonwealth, who hummed in a peculiar manner at change of guard, like a trumpet sound, as Pliny observes. The same veracious authority states that only clean persons could take the honey from the hive;

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TOPICS TALKED ABOUT
AT HOME AND ABROAD.

At the recent third annual meeting of the Home Circuit Bicycle Club in London, between fifteen hundred and two thousand members of these clubs assembled on their bicycles between Lion Gates, at Hampton Court and Kingston Bridge, showing to what extent bicycle riding is carried on abroad.

Among the departures for Europe on the Fifth inst., was Joseph Seligman and family who will probably seek a Grand Union of the Jews abroad.

A new association has been formed, under the name of the Society of Decorative Art. The officers and managers are ladies well known for their cultured taste and extended charities, and the Advisory Council contains names of both ladies and gentlemen of distinction. The general object of the society is to enable women to qualify themselves for remunerative work in all kinds of decorative art, although we understand that the project has assumed a broader basis since its inception, and its benefits will not be exclusively for women. A place will be opened for the exhibition and sale of sculpture, painting, wood carvings, lace work, tapestries, etc., and efforts made to obtain orders from dealers in articles of household art throughout the United States. Instruction will be given in art needle-work by a thoroughly competent teacher, at 3 o'clock, P. M., on Tuesdays and Thursdays, at 67 Madison Avenue, New York, five dollars being charged for a course of five lessons. To pupils nominated by members of the society, free instructions will be given on Saturdays at the same hour and place. Various other arrangements are made, which, it is believed, will enable many women who have no profession to qualify themselves for some remunerative industry. Letters can be addressed to Mrs. Walter C. Tuckerman, No. 104 East Thirty-eighth street, New York, Chairman of Committee on Collection of Work; Mrs. James W. Pinchot, No. 18 East Twenty-ninth street, New York, Chairman of Committee on Paintings; Mrs. Henry W. De Forrest, No. 15 West Thirtieth street, New York Chairman of Committee on Wood Carvings and Miscellaneous Art Industries; Miss Newbold, No. 12 West Twenty-eighth street, Chairman of Committee on Art Needle-Work and Embroideries; Miss C. Furniss, No. 413 Fifth avenue, New York, Chairman of Committee on Porcelain and Pottery; Mrs. T. M. Wheeler, Jamaica, Long Island, Corresponding Secretary of the Society of Decorative Art.

The 4th of July was celebrated in London by a reception at the American Legation, was a social

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out of place in a buttonhole. Yellow gloves are the mode of the day-time, and Swedish of a light shade are preferred for evening. These, with a good supply of toothpicks, constitute a fashionable turn-out for what modern society, aping English, calls a "swell."

FARM AND GARDEN.

MILK FOR YOUNG CHICKENS.—Do not forget that milk is one of the best articles of food for young chickens—sweet milk. Sour milk or buttermilk is devoured with equal relish by them, and either is good. It makes them grow, gives them an appetite for other food, and assists such breeds as Hamburgs, Leghorns, and Games that fledge rapidly, to support the drain on the system that is required by early fledging. Give it to them to drink, mix their soft feed with it instead of water, and see how much better they will eat it, and how much faster they will grow.

IVY AS A CARPET UNDER TREES.—We some time ago called attention to the value of the common Irish ivy for clothing the ground under trees on lawns where grass refuses to grow. In a garden, where there was several grand old cedars, the ground underneath was perfectly fresh and green with ivy, which added greatly to the effect and finish of the grounds. These large and circular beds of ivy are quite ornamental, and obviate the labor of constantly patching the turf under old trees, and when once established, the ivy requires but little labor to keep it in order for years.

TO DESTROY MOSS ON FRUIT-TREES.—Nothing is more easy than to destroy moss on the branches of fruit-trees. When the branches are wet, fresh slaked strong lime thrown freely amongst them will adhere and destroy every vestige of moss. This is far more effectual than using the lime as a wash—applying it with a brush. The falling of the lime to the ground is also beneficial. In all gardens where moss is prevalent lime should be annually dusted amongst the currant and gooseberry bushes and fruit trees after they have been pruned, and before the ground is dug, and cleaner branches, healthier trees, and finer fruit will follow. The lime is also useful in protecting the fruit-buds from birds. A man will do more execution in one day in destroying moss by thus dusting with lime than will another man in a week with the "whitewash brush."

EGG-HATCHING IN CHINA.—A peculiar process of hatching eggs is adopted in China. The eggs are placed in tiers in large baskets twice the size of an ordinary barrel, thickly lined with hay, and carefully closed from the air by a tight-fitting cover of twisted straws. In three days' time the eggs are taken out and replaced in different order, those at the surface being put in the lowest tier. This is repeated every third day for a fortnight, when the eggs are removed from the basket and placed on a shelf in another room, being carefully covered with bran. In a day or two the chicken chips the shell and makes its appearance in the world. The success of the method is attributed to the fact that the animal heat of the eggs, being retained by the basket, which is formed of materials not conducting caloric, is sufficient to support animal life and foster its development.

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GENERAL GRANT AND ENGLISH ETIQUETTE.

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NELLIE IN THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

BY SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.

On the lonely Carolina coast are many small islands, interscored with sandy shoals and rocky reefs, which render it dangerous for vessels that approach too near. On this account light-houses are established at proper intervals, and it is about the dwellers in one of these that I have a little story to tell.

The name of the keeper of this light-house was John Lattie. His wife was dead, and he lived there with his two children, and a faithful and attached negro couple, whom the children called Sylvie and Uncle Brister. Sylvie had been their nurse, and both she and her husband loved them as though they had been their own.

You may think the light-house on a small island—where no one else lived except two fishermen's families—a lonely place for two children. Perhaps it was; but Jack and Nellie did not think so. A good weather day had splendid times on the beach, running up and down the firm white sand, hiding amid the rough rocks that at low tide stood above the water, or picking up pretty shells and bits of many-colored sea-weed, thrown up by the waves. Sometimes they played with the waves themselves, as merrily as though they had been living playmates. They would go low down to the water's edge, and watch some swelling billow as it came rolling onward to the shore, and cry defiantly: "Come on! you can't catch us!" and then, as the waits foamed crest rolled threatening over toward them, they would run up the beach, with a billow in full chase, until the foamy crest broke about their bare little feet, and went gently sliding back into the sea, to give place to another. Sometimes the billow would overtake them, and give them a thorough drenching; but this only excited their mirth. For sea-water does not give chills and colds, and it soon dries; and as their dress was coarse and simple, there was no danger of its being hurt.

One day, by some accident, the glass of the light-house was broken, and Mr. Lattie found it necessary to go in his boat to the main land, in order to procure materials for repairing it. The little town at which he made those purchases was quite three or four miles inland; and he might not return until quite late.

"If I am not back before sunset, Brister," said he to his sable assistant, "be sure to light the lamp in time. You know it will be as necessary to me as to others."

He said this because between the light-house and the shore were many dangerous rocks, some lying beneath the surface of the water, and others above it, but upon which in the dark would break a boat to pieces. But Mr. Lattie was familiar with the channel, and he knew that with the light for a guide he could steer so as to avoid the rocks.

Now, Mr. Lattie had not been long gone when there came to the light-house, in hot haste, a little ragged boy, begging that Aunt Sylvie would come to his mother. Sylvie had been taken suddenly and dangerously ill. There was no doctor on the island, and Sylvie was very clever as a nurse. So she hastened away to the dwelling of the fisherman who lived quite a mile distant, at the opposite extremity of the island—first, however, telling the children to be good and not stray away from the light-house, and warning the "coloman" to take care of them, well knowing, at the same time, that such warning was not necessary, for Uncle Brister would have sacrificed his own life for that little one, whom he had helped to carry in his arms almost from the day of their birth. They were gentle and obedient children, though it had always been observed that Nellie, who was only seven years old, possessed much more firmness and decision of character than Jack, nearly two years her senior. She was also more generous; and I am afraid there will be occasion also to say quite too much to her brother, and helped to make him selfish. For instance: if they were sent to Jem Long's for fish, generally it was Nellie who carried the basket, while Jack amused himself with playing by the way; or, if Sylvie made gingercakes or "puffs," and gave the two first baked to the children, it was Jack who claimed the biggest or the almost-baked, and not unfrequently got a taste of Nellie's also.

The children played all this morning very happily together, building a fort of loose rocks, like the great stone fort which they could see in the distance; many miles away. In the afternoon they went in-doors, where they found Brister, standing at one of the windows, shading his eyes with his hand and looking anxiously toward the west.

"Do you see the boat, uncle Brister?" inquired Jack, standing on tip-toe to look out.

"Frame the Lord, I wish I could dat," answered the old man, more as if speaking to himself than to them. "I don't like the looks o' dat 'ere sky, and there ain't never no good in them switchy mare's tails," pointing to some long scattered clouds, while the wind began softly up from the west. "If I knows anything 't all, I knows we's gwine to have a nyseity, squalin' storm. Frame the Lord Massa and Sylvie may take home."

The old man's prediction was correct. In less than an hour the wind burst upon them, the waves were lashed into foam, and the storm-spray dashed high against the light-house fury. The children, sitting by the fire, listened to the roaring of the wind and the waves without, and felt the walls tremble with the force of the tempest. Old Brister had gone about and made all secure, and now he began to grow dusk, he started up the winding staircase that led to the top of the tower, in order to light the lamp. As he crossed the room the children noticed that he staggered a little, and caught hold of the door-post to steady himself. Then he put his hand to his forehead, and so did it still a moment, then began feebly to ascend the stairs. An instant after they heard a heavy fall; and their horror the children saw the old man lying at the foot of the stairs motionless, and apparently dead.

Nellie uttered a loud cry and rushed toward him. He was not bleeding anywhere, but his breathing was thick and heavy, and though his eyes were open, he did not appear to see them, or to know anything. The truth was the old man had a stroke of apoplexy.

"What shall we do? oh, what shall we do?" cried Nellie, bursting into an agony of tears. "We can't do anything, uncle Jack, hopelessly. "I wish, oh! I wish father and Mammy Sylvie were here."

Nellie, kneeling by the side of Brister, seemed to make no effort at composure.

"Jack," she said more calmly, "don't you think we might warm him, and rub him, and give him a little hot brandy to drink? That is the way they brought the drowned men to life again."

"He aint drowned," answered Jack, with a little expression of contempt for his sister's ignorance.

"Yes; but it might do him good. Feel how cold his hands are, and rubbing might do him some good. Oh, Jack, let us try to pull him to the fire!"

With great difficulty they succeeded in dragging the old man in front of the great hearth, where Nellie piled pillows under his head, and covered him with a blanket. Then she heated a little brandy, and put a spoonful between Brister's lips, and the two children then commenced rubbing him with all their little strength, though Nellie trembled and the tears rolled down Jack's face. But, in truth, it was a trying situation for them, alone and helpless as they were.

Suddenly Nellie started up with a cry.

"The lamp, Jack! Oh, Jack, the lamp isn't lighted!"

It was dark now, and the storm, though subsiding, still raged. How many fishing-vessels out at sea, and caught in that sudden storm, were now vainly looking out for the warning beacon that was to save them from danger and guide them into safety; and her father? Did she not remember his parting words to Brister?

"Be sure and light the lamp in good time. It is as necessary to me as to them."

And the lamp was not lighted! In storm and darkness her father might be even now struggling amid those foaming waves and breakers, and Nellie's fate she might as effectively put the finger of death upon the lives of one hundred human beings as though she had with her own hand plunged a dagger into their hearts.

"Oh, Jack, father! We must light the lamp!"

"We can't," answered poor, frightened Jack, haltingly. "We don't know how."

She felt that it would be of no use to appeal further to him, not that Jack was heartless, but irresolute and vacillating when thrown upon his own resources. Nellie was a brave little heart—resolved to do the best she could.

"You can stay and take care of Uncle Brister, Jack," she said, "and rub him all you can. I will try to light the lamp."

"But you don't know anything about it, and I don't want to stay by myself," said Jack, blubbering; "I wish father was here."

Nellie went carefully up the narrow winding stair to the top of the light-house. She had seldom been here, and had never seen the lamp lighted, and, as Jack had said, knew nothing about it; and she now found to her dismay that she could not reach the lamp. The wind and the rain beat against the thick glass by which this little room in the top of the tower was surrounded, and swept in strong fitful gusts through the key-hole of the door. She thought even were she able to light the lamp, it must inevitably be put out again. What was to be done? If she could only keep a light of any kind burning, it might be of some use. There was a large lantern downstairs, she knew; and hurrying down she got this, and lighting it, carried it up again, and hung it where she fancied it might be seen. But it shone so feebly, that she feared it would not be noticed, or might even be taken for the light of a fisherman's cottage, in which case it would serve only to lead astray instead of guiding safely.

Poor little Nellie wrung her hands in despair. Oh, if she only had somebody to help her! How futile, and forlorn, and miserable she felt! Then she remembered that she thought even were she able to light the lamp, it must inevitably be put out again. What was to be done? If she could only keep a light of any kind burning, it might be of some use. There was a large lantern downstairs, she knew; and hurrying down she got this, and lighting it, carried it up again, and hung it where she fancied it might be seen. But it shone so feebly, that she feared it would not be noticed, or might even be taken for the light of a fisherman's cottage, in which case it would serve only to lead astray instead of guiding safely.

Poor little Nellie wrung her hands in despair. Oh, if she only had somebody to help her! How futile, and forlorn, and miserable she felt! Then she remembered that she thought it was—just then she seemed to hear, amid all the roar of the storm, the sweet words of the hymn her dead mother had been so fond of singing, "Jesus, lover of my soul." She knew it by heart, and now she recited involuntarily repeating fragments of it to herself, until she came to the words—

> "Other refuge have I none;
> Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.
> Leave, oh leave me not unaided!
> Still support and comfort me.
> All my trust on Thee is stayed;
> All my help from Thee I bring."

A strange feeling of peace and comfort stole into the heart of the child. "God is here; He can help me," was her thought; and instantly after, she recollected that in the wood-shed connected with the kitchen was a great pile of pine-knots. The wind did not blow out the flame of a pine-knot, but would rather serve to fan it. So down the steep, wearisome stairs the poor child went again, and presently returned to the top of the tower with her arms full of the pine knots. These she lighted and carefully disposed all around the little glass-covered room—wherever she could find a place in which to stick her torches—so that the brilliant, ruddy glare might be visible in all directions. And there, alone in the dreary summit of the tall light-house, shivering for the cold and rain rain that beat upon her slight figure, stood poor little Nellie, listening to the storm, straining her eyes through the darkness, and trembling with anxiety and excitement as she thought of her father in the storm, and of poor Brister, dying in the room below, perhaps. But still through it all seemed to sound the sweet words of the hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul."

An hour passed, and poor Nellie, intently listening, thought that she heard sounds below, and then a faint echo of some one calling her name. Then came a long hurried step on the stair, and in the red smoky glare of the pine torches she saw her father standing. Oh, with what a sharp cry of relief and joy she sprung and clung to him, though at the next moment in which his arms were outstretched to receive her—overcome with cold, fatigue and anxiety—she tottered and fell almost insensible at his feet. Very tenderly, with tears in his eyes, the rough light-house keeper bore his little daughter below, and placed her in bed; and there, with a delicious consciousness of safety and rest pervading Nellie fell asleep. She never awoke until the bright sunlight of the next morning fell across her bed, when, opening her eyes, she saw Mammy Sylvie's kind, motherly face bending over her, with tears streaming down her sable cheeks.

"Bress the Lord, dar aint another child in all de Carlinas fit to hold a pine-knot to her," she said, fervently and emphatically. "And I heerd Jem Long say, when his boat come in last night, dat of it hadn't been for the light-house lamp, he an' t'others would sartinly been lost."

"And so should I," said Mr. Lattie, fondly smoothing his little daughter's hair, and then he told her how he had watched in vain for the light, and, fearful of the storm, had come across in the storm and darkness, when suddenly a red glare had shone out, and revealed to him that he was drifting fast upon one of the most dangerous of the rocks. From this he had with difficulty extricated himself, and guided by the strange light had succeeded in reaching home in safety, and there had found old Brister as I have described, while Jack, poor lad! was out with rubbing and crying, lay asleep by the fire. Where was Nellie? and what could be the meaning of the red fitful glare in the light-house tower? Almost paralyzed with fearful apprehension, the father had mounted the stairs, and there, at the first glimpse of his little daughter—pale and trembling, yet standing firm at her post—he had read the whole story. And how proud he afterward was of his brave little girl we can very well imagine.

Aunt Sylvie had been prevented returning home both by the storm and the illness of the fisherman's wife. She had felt no anxiety about the children, believing that their father must have returned.

The little family at the light-house live there still happy and contented. Nellie is a big girl now. Uncle Brister, who entirely recovered, is to this day very fond of telling this story to the people who sometimes in summer come over to visit the light-house. "Guess it's de fust light-house was ever lighted up wit pine-knots," he says.—St. Nicholas, for July.

THERE is this of good in real evils—they deliver us while they last from the petty despotism of all that were imaginary.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

There is probably no name so widely used by English-speaking people as that of "Jesus." As Anglicized in the English Testament is given up in whole pages to issue of Joseph, while every other page is found to have been more commonly been the same signature. It has been jokingly said that even Adam was originally Adam Johnson, and Johnson only as an alias, is not necessary. It may not be uninteresting to trace the origin, and show the widespread use of this name originally.

The name starts among the Hebrews people and in the historical period, signifies "the grace of Jehovah." In its full form it is John-chanan or Jehohanan, and was doubtless first used as a contraction. The Boy which the Angels of the birth of the child "whom Jehovah had graciously given." Proper names in all languages are short-lived, and the full name being Johohanan soon became Johanan, which any one may see was on the high road to become John as we have it. The Greek, in their sharp-sounding John. But it passed through several alterations on its way. The Greek turned it into Joan. The Roman sounded it not very much unlike the Greek, but wrote it Johannes, though probably the well-known cockney habits of the Imperial master of the world led him to call it Joan. The Germans and the Celts on the Tiber and the Thames seem to have peculiar influences upon aspiration. The Romanesque tongues are fonder of elision than of aspiration. All Italian made it Giovanni, Spanish Juan, and French Jean. The Russian took it from the Greek and made it Ivan; the Teuton probably from the Latin, and called it Johann. The Scandinavian, the Anglo-Saxon, influenced probably by Germans and French, reproduced it as John, with a feminine form of Jane. The Irish and Welsh, as Evan, while in Scotch it took different forms, as Ian, Shane, Sheridan, Ewing. Probably no name has been so popular among the nations which have embraced Christianity. In shows a peculiar appropriateness with the equally favored Mary.

The most interesting portion of the history of this name is however, to be found in the changes to it when it has taken a patronymic form, and the man called "John," desires to give his son a name which shall at once perpetuate his own and yet indicate descent. He, of course, did not like to call his son John, as the various forms of the name; the Greek by adding the termination bios, The modern Italian turned John into Giovanni, the Irish into Shane, and might be Englished with affection as Johnnie. The Russian word for son used in names—vitch, which is simply a Russian name of no definite rank.

What the Russians did at the end the French did at the beginning, and Norman Fitz easily converted Jean into Fitz-Jean. In English the patronymic is by adding son to John, and the genitive alone. Hence Johnson, and Johns, from the latter of which has come the more modern Johnes. The Norwegian Johnsen, sometimes Jansen, is the same thing, and probably the name Anson here finds its origin. In Scotland Mac shows that the man had a father at least, and MacEwan and MacEwing are the Scottish equivalents of the Welsh Ewans or Jones. In Wales the word for son is Mab. In names this takes the form ab or ap, oftentimes dropping the letter b and only prefixing the a or p. Thus Price is ap Rice, Penry ap Henry, and so on. The son of Evan is therefore ap Evan, shortened into the modern Bevan. It has been supposed that the Irish O'Brian belongs to the same family, and after all, there is nothing but Joneses. And suppose we add to the grand collection of shortened forms—the Jacks and Johns—the Jennys and Jens like that we might pick up all over the world—what a family these sons of John become. Barr Johnson, Hanschen Jansen, Johnson Smith, Fitz Jean, Hanschen Jansen, Johnson Mac-Evans, Ivan Petroff, Ohan—some strange, startling, full-sounding, romantic—what are they all but simple Jones. Brother Jones, we greet you, we call you, and sing with you, and look in your directories in despair of ever getting through the interminable list. It is a fact, and, as we write it, it is a wish. The Jones forever!

BUYING A BRIDAL "TROSSY."

One day a young man, who was evidently a young man, to whose arm was linked a tall, thin girl of eighteen, with a sharp nose, pale blue eyes, and hair like the color of an old bird's nest, entered a store, with both eyes full of business. As the pair took seats a clerk intimated that he was ready to take his orders. After a few moments' consultation the following was agreed upon:

"This is kind of delicate business for us," replied the young man, casting sheep's eyes at the girl.

"That is to say—that is—yes, ahem!" stammered the clerk.

"But I guess we'll live through it, Molly, and so here goes. What we want is a trossy for this girl—a bridal trossy, I believe, they call it."

"That is exactly what they call it," replied the clerk, "and all the most artistics you want, and I'll give the lowest figures."

The pair looked at each other in a half foolish way for a minute, and then the girl hid her face behind a stack of goods.

"A little skeezy, but she'll get over it," mused the lover. "The first thing, I s'pose, is a dress?"

"Yes, one to sixteen dresses, as you like. You'll take a black silk, perhaps?"

"And perhaps I won't. There's no style about my sister. We marry for love, and we have got to make a little money go a long ways. Is calico pretty low?"

"Oh, Zeke!" gasped the girl, suddenly showing her face.

"Why, she's well go a little better, than, though calico is my motto. Hand us down something about 23 cents per yard. Give us dove color, or drove as you call it, and lovely, calico, Molly."

Twelve yards of dove colored goods were cut off, and Zeke looked around and said: "Now for a little finish, two yards of black velvet ribbon, a bunch of hair pins and two or three cents worth of needles, and the thing's done."

The clerk agreed, and they were figured in.

"Less see. She'll wear her sister's hat to start with, and her sister's shoes can't be much if she has a long dress on. I guess that's about all, isn't it, Molly?"

The girl looked very red and beckoned him closer, and, after a minute, he turned to the clerk and said:

"It's kinder thawin' money away, but she's pretty good and I don't mind. She thinks she ought to have a fifty cent corset and two pairs of stockings."

The articles were bought, inspected and placed in a bundle, and after the lover had held another whispered conversation, Zeke observed:

"Well, that's all. Figger up, and there's your cash. We've got to go and get some hair pins and needles and things, and then I'll need a pair of sleeve-buttons, and some shoe strings, and you see the outfit is going to be complete."

"When does the marriage come off?" asked the clerk.

"In about ten days. She's a good girl and loves me, and I'm trying to do the fair thing by her. Though many young men who would pay 50 seven dollars bridal trossy for his girl; but when I make up my mind to marry any one I generally stick to it, and I don't go back on the corsets any more than I need suspenders, and I'll be married with a corset on, or corset on, and she didn't want to be behind her."

"I hope you'll be happy."

"Yes, we shall be happy. I help it. This 'ere girl can sling more enthusiasm into a mess of taters than any queen in Europe. I had to take her to the Opera House, described, while Jack, now out with rubbing and crying, lay asleep by the fire. Where was Nellie? and what could be the meaning of the red fitful glare in the light-house tower? Almost paralyzed with fearful apprehension, the father had mounted the stairs, and there, at the first glimpse of his little daughter—pale and trembling, yet standing firm at her post—he had read the whole story. And how proud he afterward was of his brave little girl we can very well imagine.

Aunt Sylvie had been prevented returning home both by the storm and the illness of the fisherman's wife. She had felt no anxiety about the children, believing that their father must have returned.

The little family at the light-house live there still happy and contented. Nellie is a big girl now. Uncle Brister, who entirely recovered, is to this day very fond of telling this story to the people who sometimes in summer come over to visit the light-house. "Guess it's de fust light-house was ever lighted up wit pine-knots," he says.—St. Nicholas, for July.

ODD MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

A London paper says: The desire to become proficient in the art of extracting melodious sounds from the most unlikely instruments is by no means of modern origin. Addison, in the Spectator, tells us of a Welsh harp, whose acquaintance he had accidentally made, and who was enabled to entertain a company with a tune, performed merely by supplying the edge to his mouth. "Upon laying down the knife," says the celebrated essayist, "he took up a pair of candlesticks and other things, having slid the small end of them over the joints in a most melodious trill he fetched a tune out of a bottle, whistling to them at the same time in concert."

The same ingenious performer also contrived to bellow out certain sounds from an old frying pan, and afterward from a gridiron, to which he added a frill, and made an end of the whole by a grace-cup of small beer, which he converted into a musical instrument. Addison's entertainment was not alone in his musical ingenuity, for in his time instruments had to be, as found, numerous allusions to persons who had become prominent in song-writing, the most unlikely articles being pressed into musical use. One of these is said to have gained a living by playing airs upon a number of small glass bottles, which were arranged on wires, something after the manner of the key-board as the musical glasses. Another performer used to execute a passable tune on the tavern accompanying his vocal efforts with harmonious noise produced by the manipulation of chairs and tables, which were huge arranged in a certain order; while another, who had been an officer's servant, was quite successful with a dozen swords and saucepans placed on the tops of glass goblets. Bottles, decanters, tumblers, jugs, basins, bowls, candlesticks and similar articles have repeatedly been pressed into the service of musical instruments, while in Ireland the proficiency was not, however, attained without long and severe labor, which might have been the bane to the fingers employed. A writer alluding to his performer on the tobacco pipe, says that he remembers "he had broken such quantities of them that he had almost broken himself before he had brought this piece of music to tolerable perfection."

STREET MUSICIANS.

In the beginning of the present century the street musician was cleverly imitated a pair of bells by striking a number of milk tins suspended from an outstretched arm, and the Punch bowls and punch ladles were occasionally used for musical purposes, many of the latter being capable of producing a beautiful soprano note, varying according to the size of the ladle and the length of the handle. Before the introduction of the tin whistle, and the manufacture of elastic webbing, fine coiled brass wire was largely employed for the latter, the fabric into which the metal springs had been inserted became worn out, it was a common practice to unwind the wire, and cutting it into lengths, ranging from two to twelve inches, nail the same, at regular intervals of half an inch, to the wainscoted wall. Pieces of tobacco pipe were then placed between the wires and the wainscot, the former being a kind of rude instrument, which on being touched with the fingers or a small stick, emitted sounds somewhat similar to those of the performer. The same diamond shaped pieces of glass so common before the repeal of the window duties, and which were frequently used for musical purposes, the performer sometimes allowing them to remain in the frame of the window, and playing outside of the windows in ordinary use. Horseshoes were occasionally called into requisition, and more than one of the tools of the blacksmith, somewhat after the fashion witnessed at two or three concerts at the Crystal Palace during the past few years.

MUSICAL ARTISTS IN GLASS AND DELF.

Coming down to the present time we find professional performers who create the astonishment and applause of crowded audiences with musical effects produced by striking glass and wood or stone, the latter being known as the "rock harmonium." Such entertainments are very popular in Germany, the striking pieces and fish constitute an attractive feature in the programmes. Hence the articles engaged at such places are constantly carrying their business out by devising novel musical instruments, one of the most recent being a "homewood's broom, which is made to take the place of a violin, the bow being represented by a feather duster. The instrument is skillfully let into the handle of the broom and a real bow introduced into that of the feather duster, the result being a most pleasing imitation of the king of the stringed instruments. Perhaps the most marvellous of the performers are those in the regions of glass tumblers or tubes which are made to vibrate harmoniously by the performance gently drawing the moistened fingers over their outer surface. It is said that hunger often sharpens a man's wits. It certainly appears to have the effect of increasing the ingenuity of those who obtain their means of subsistence by exhibiting their musical capabilities before an appreciative, who generally bestows more appreciation than pence. With such we have the boy's tin whistle in a favorite instrument, the notes becoming, in their hands, deprived of their harsh and unpleasant shrillness, and more resembling those of the pipeolo. We have seen the spent of an old tin coffee pot converted into a kind of flageolet, and a copper saucepan utilized as an accompaniment to a band. Not many years ago, one of these performers was in the habit of playing a number of popular airs on old tin saucepans and other utensils, his excuse being that his musical instruments had been seized for rent. In like manner one of the "end men" of a nigger minstrel troupe would pretend that his musical skill in the tambourine, he should be obliged to make a substitute of his hat and stick. On the hat very cleverly, the jingling notes being obtained by means of a bunch of small keys suspended from his fingers. In this case, how-ever, the hat was a real one, and not, as is usually the case, a mere imitation. Glassware is not the only material which has been pressed into the service of musical instruments, which are constantly being invented, and after being used for a time, are thrown aside for some new device. Among the most curious of these may be mentioned the "Tonophone," which is played by striking the keys of a piano, and the "Pianophone," which is played by striking the keys of a piano, and the "Pianophone," which is played by striking the keys of a piano, and the "Pian

"WHERE OUR SUNBEAMS AWAY."

There is a stillness on the air,
The sweet summer flowers are dead,
There comes no hasty footfall near,
No kind familiar tone is heard,
With all our hasty loving eyes
I have no friend to speak,
Since he's not here to whom loving eyes
Can turn for sympathy.

Through all the days are full of rest,
I hardly feel their peace,
My heart is sad, my life is lone
Since he has gone from me.
My sunshine would and gloom
Is darkness to my sight,
And gloomy thoughts are with me
In the lonely hours of night.

The sun had crossed to skies
I count the clock from hour to hour—
How slow time seems to creep!
Will he return the dreary time
Will never pass so slow?
O golden sunlight of my life,
Where are your beams to-day?
Where then'st away I have no joy,
There then art night no morning.

SUSANA J.

Make Your Own Way.

David Spears was taking his afternoon smoke.

Perhaps the long clay pipe looked a little incongruous with the handsomely furnished room, and the massive silver plate on the mahogany sideboard. But, for that matter, he was in incongruity—a little, common looking man, not very well dressed.

Coming in very wide contrast to the handsome, stylish-looking young fellow who interrupted his reverie by a very frank and merry:

"Good evening, uncle. Can I talk awhile with you?"

"That depends, Robin, on what you're going to talk about."

"You know, uncle, that Alock Lang and I have long been friends."

"I have heard so, I don't know it."

"Well, we have. To-day Alock came to tell me that he has got into the carpet weaving business in Kilmarnock. He intends to buy Thomas Blackie out."

"He'll need some brawbees for that."

"He has all he'll need, and he asked me to join him. What do you think about it?"

"How long have you been wi' Hattie?"

"Five years."

"And how much have you saved?"

"Well, to tell the truth, uncle, nothing at all. What with Jessie marrying last year and Rosa this, and the presents I had to give, and other expenses, my savings all went away."

"Hough."

"I thought, perhaps, that as the business was such an old, sure one, and as both the Langs would be interested in it, you would lend me two thousand pounds for such a wonderfully good chance."

"I have made it a rule never to lend money to young men."

"A very unkind rule, when it touches me, uncle. You were never unkind to me before."

"I am not unkind to you now either, Robin."

"Not two thousand, uncle! And such a chance!"

"Until heaven, hear the lad! Only two thousand!" Did ye ever earn two thousand pounds? Did ye ever save two thousand pounds? When ye have, Robin, come to me an' I'll talk wi' ye about lending ye the sum."

"But, uncle, the thing is not a new venture; it is sure to pay."

"It is gaun to be his new masters; an' men at 45 are no sure about things 'paying' as bits of five-and-twenty are."

So the young man went away much disappointed and not a little angry, but other friends looked more favorably on the plan.

The two thousand pounds were borrowed, and Robert Rae and Alock Lang bought the old-established carpet weaving house.

The first year of the concern, in spite of full pay, proved very good. Robert's share of the profits not only gave him good living, but paid his interest, and allowed him to lay by nearly a hundred pounds towards clearing off his borrowed capital; and the next year things were still brighter.

In the fourth year of his enterprise, Robert Rae called again on his uncle.

"Good evening, uncle."

"Good evening, Robin. How's business?"

"First-rate. I don't come to night about business."

"What for, then?"

"I am going to be married. I wanted to tell you about it."

"That's a music little rusk than Blackie's business, Robin."

"I think not, uncle."

"Who's the lassie?"

"Jessie Lorimer."

"And brother Joe she?"

"Just her beauty and her noble nature, she is of good family, and has had the best of educations. Why, uncle, she can do most anything quite well—draw, play the harp, singe like an angel, and——"

"I'm fleyed she'll be a kind o' matrimonial luxury, Robin. She'll shes a bonnie lassie; I have nae fear, but yet I dinnit if she's fit for a puir man's wife."

"You'll come to the wedding, uncle?"

"Surely, surely."

It was a very grand wedding, and David Spears made quite a sensation by giving the bride a cheque for five hundred pounds. In fact, David's presents would have quite captivated the old bachelor, and he must have begun to spend a great many of his evenings in her pretty home.

Three months passed happily away.

In February there had been some pleasant changes; and his uncle dropped in pretty baby Jessie occasionally on his knee, or looked admiringly and wonderingly at his own namesake—a little girl.

Down at the mill things were apparently equally prosperous.

All the looms were at work, and the very weliest of Kilmarnock as to commodity was steadily enamored with the business of "Lang and Rae's Carpet Mill."

But a great deal of this success was only apparent. He'd been spending entirely beyond the control of the young partners.

They had been compelled to borrow largely, and had big interest accounts to meet, and a great deal of their paper being from houses known to local bankers, had to be rushed at very heavy discounts.

All these things were much against them, yet no great was their industry and energy that they might have turned them all into "happy circumstances," and won in spite of the odds against them, if yarns had not taken a sudden, tremendous and quite unlooked-for fall.

This, of course, was followed by a number of failures, the result of which they suffered.

Not all their efforts could together gather together their numerous lines of enterprise, and they found it equally impossible to carried on the business after a few months of despair, anxious struggle, the firm became bankrupt.

Old David had long foreseen, and resolutely refused to assist in the matter.

A reasoned had, therefore, sprung up between uncle and nephew, and when the end came, David was not among those who offered Robert any kind of sympathy.

The young men behaved well.

They surrendered everything, but creditors did not fail to stigmatize as dishonorable and unjustifiable, and speculative and risky the nature of the trade done by the broken firm.

Alock at once called for Sydney, where he had connections, and Robert took his wife and children to her father's, while he endeavored to find a situation.

But week after week passed, another winter was approaching, and nothing had been done.

Once again David was interrupted.

This time it was his pretty sister Jessie. His fine-natured wonderfully when he met her large, tearful eyes.

"Oh, uncle," she said, "we have sore need of you."

"My puir little woman, sit down and tell Davie what he can do for you."

Jessie's tale was soon told—her tears told it best.

"Robert's heart had quite failed him; they were almost penniless, and they had worn their welcome out at her father's."

"Then you'll come here, you and Robert, and Jessie, and we'll see what your man is fit for. If he means find his feet wi' a wide like you, I'm sorry for him."

So the next day day the family moved, with their small belongings, to David's house, very much to the annoyance of Mistress Janet, David's honest keeper.

This lady indeed soon made things so up a mount, that it was evident to all parties there would be no delay in a decision, and Robert, almost in desperation, resolved on trying his fortune in the New World.

David, pressed by his housekeeper's grumbling, and by his affection for his nephew, knew only of one other way—he could advance Robert money for a new effort.

But it would be the ruin of the lad," he said, thoughtfully. "I am thinking if he's learnt his lesson yet; he must e'en go to school again."

So he praised Robert's suggestions and offered to pay the passage of the whole family, and give him one hundred pounds to start life with.

The offer was accepted, and in a few days they were on the ocean, not one of them aware of the real interest and affection which followed them.

"But they'll write to me," said David to himself. "They'll write, for they ken I hae plenty o' siller."

Once on a new track, all Robert's energy returned.

Provided with a letter to the proprietors of the Manitoba Carpet Mills he found his way there and readily obtained work.

A part of his hundred pounds was used in furnishing a little cottage and Robert enjoyed a degree of peace and comfort to which he had long been a stranger.

The next spring a lucky event gave him a special promotion.

A large mill in the neighborhood imported some machinery for weaving a peculiar kind of rug, and no one could be found in the locality able to make it run smoothly.

Robert heard of the dilemma and offered his help. The boss was familiar to him; his success easy.

He had found his place, and he knew it.

Day by day he made his skill and energy felt.

He rose to be overseer—business manager—partner. Still he varied very little the quiet simplicity of his home.

Jessie and he had found how little they really needed for happiness, and so, year by year, whatever they saved was invested in land which grew in value while their slept and worked at other things, and ten years after Robert's first investment, he found himself, by the simple growth of the village, a very rich man.

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BOOK OF ORIGINS.

ORIGIN OF PHRASES—THE ETYMOLOGY OF WORDS — REMARKABLE OLD SAYINGS—QUAINT EXPRESSIONS PECULIAR TO ALL AGES AND NATIONS.

BY JAMES REID.

"In primus hominis est propria
Vari fingere et credere mendacia."
Ovidius.

"The watching out and thorough investigation of truth is the first, the primary study of man."

A.

[CONTINUED.]

AT HEAD AND STERNE.

"He shall deliver thee in six troubles; yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee."—Job v. 19.

This may have given rise to the expression, or it may have been bear reference to the points in the game of piquet.

AUCTION SALES.

Sales by Auction. In the Roman sales, a spear was fixed in the forum, by which stood a crier, who proclaimed the articles. A catalogue was made in the sale-bill's fortunecatus. The number was called Auctor, and the bidders Sectores. They signified their bidding by lifting up their fingers, and the highest bidder received the "auctorizer;" permission was necessary for a sale. About the forum were a number of subcommittee or rather bankers' shops, where those who had not ready money entered in tables, and sealed. At their shops, the auctioneers were in general ready, that their Argonauti might note on the tablets the sum they were to have, and the goods were delivered under authority of some magistrate. The custom of redeeming was made by giving security through a friend, which was termed Dejicere libellos. Petronius gives the inscription below death of Inquisitor: "Jubet te Trimalchio heredem fieri." Julius Proculus will make an auction of his superfluous goods to pay his debts." Estates put down, and sold by auction, in the same way as now, and sale sometimes lasted for two months.

In the middle age, goods were cried, and sold to the highest bidder at the close of a candle which was a very loud noise. The use of the spear was retained, the auctioneer being subhastationes, and the substation of the auctioneer was made by fixing a spear in the ground. A crier stood under the spear, as in the Roman sales, and was in the 13th century called Cantor.

In London sales by auction were held at Mercers' Hall and other places.

Auctioneering was a tradesman who augmented his property by privily speaking, he who bought old, worn, and damaged goods, to sell them dearer after words.

B.

BABEL.

Babel was called so from its bi-bel, beings calling like bas or theep; it does not appear clearly, whether there was a total deletion of the old language, or a temporary suspension of speech, some indeed by disorder and hindering or other terrible appearance, whereby the Divine Majesty was pleased to visit those deeds of impiety. It had pleased God in the antediluvian to build this tower, in order to prevent their being scattered abroad upon the face of the earth, contrary to the command, as in Genesis ix. xv. 7 and Gen. xi. 4. Josephus and other writers Moses considers the building of Babel as a violation of God's command, hence this cannot be called an infraction of the command, but rather a